THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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HOME AGAIN.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY CHARLES MORRIS.

They come! They come!
To the bugle's brazen blare,
To the long roll of the drum
Everywhere.
Onward with the steady beat
Of a million marching feet,
From the valleys and the mountains,
From the forests and the plains,
Like a river from its fountains
Swollen by the April rains,
Their souls with triumph burning
Our brothers are returning,
Bearing home victorious
Banners rent and glorious,
Whose bright stars nevermore
Shall beacon flashing eyes amid the clouds of war.

Thou art free, America!
From the chains of slavery
They have manumitted thee,
Thou art free!
Free through their brave hands—
O my country, shall they come
And the streets and fields be dumb
To their bronzéd bands?
Haunt and home of Liberty,
War marched with them from thy border,
They are bringing peace and order
Back to thee.
Lift, O loyal-hearted nation!
All thy tongues in acclamation,
Let them make their homeward marches
Under grand triumphal arches,
For the cloud is rent in twain,
And the sun of peace is shining
Downward through its silver lining
To the plain.

Alas, for those brave hearts that fell
When the hosts in battle met,
By the gleaming bayonet,
By the deadly shot and shell—
The nation's eyes are wet
With tears of deep regret,
Weeping for her children slain,
Great, heroic souls that went,
Many a noble regiment,
Never to return again.
When the tide of battle hung
On a breath,
When broke the reeling lines of war
Like billows on a fatal shore,
In the gap their lives they flung,
Winning death.
Life was all they had to give
And they gave it royally,
In defeat too proud to live,
Proud to die in victory,
Our fatherland, for thee!
Priceless the boon they gave;
What shall their triumph be?
Let the old banner wave
Over each honored grave,
Let carven adamant
Their deeds of glory vaunt,
And in each heart a tabernacle be
Built to their memory.

ELGARDE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY BELLA Z. SPENCER.

PART III.

Earle was pacing the terrace, where the light breeze dislodged the leaves from overspreading trees, and showered them around him. The mansion had grown silent and solemn, while the mournful surge of the sea filled the air with oppressive sounds. In his heart was inexpressible pain, for he had been turned from his uncle's door, denied entrance when he was ill and suffering, while Thornton remained at his side. The thought was bitter, for it seemed unjust. As he wandered up and down in his loneliness and suspense, he felt it a hard thing to bear, and only for Elgarde's sake would have left the house. But he knew that she would soon come to him, and lingered upon the terrace with that hope until the shadows of night crept over the landscape, and the noise of wheels upon the gravelled drive told him that the family physician had arrived.

He tarried until he heard the doctor mount the stairs, preceded by Sir Falcon's valet, then stole softly up to wait his cousin in the corridor.

No lamps were yet lighted, and he stood in the dusk, eagerly watching Sir Falcon's door. In a moment it was opened, and Elgarde came out alone, groping her way along the corridor like one bereft of sight. In an instant he was at her side, her little hand, icy cold, clasped in his.

"Oh! Garde, is it then so bad? Is Uncle Falcon so very, very ill?" he asked *fearfully*.

Her only reply was a shudder and a feeble moan, as if in hopeless sorrow. She still staggered along the corridor, one hand against the wall, as if to support herself.

He put his arm around her, drew her to his side, and supported her down to the library, where he placed her upon a sofa. She drooped from his arm to the cushions heavily, and by the dim light falling from the window upon her deathlike features, he discovered that she had fainted.

Without calling any one to assist him, with a jealous feeling of devotion, he closed the door, and himself bathed her hands and face with water until she revived. When life came back, he was bending over her, his arm beneath her head, pressing passionate kisses upon her cheek and lips.

"Oh! you must not do that!" she gasped, starting up and putting him from her almost frantically.

"Why not, darling? I love you, and when I see you so miserable, I cannot restrain myself. Listen to me, Elgarde, for I love you far better than my own life. Hear me promise that I will be your protector and friend, come what will—nay, more than friend, if you will let me."

She sank back with a violent shudder, one great dry sob shaking the slight frame; then, burying her face in the cushions, lay still, while he stood over her, uncertain and agonized. Something in her manner chilled him with an unspeakable fear.

"Garde, one word—only one word!" he prayed falteringly. "Tell me that you love me—that no one shall rob me of you. Oh! speak!"

But she did not answer, or lift her head. Nothing but that dry, desolating sob, which seemed to sweep all the hope of his young life away.

Before he could renew his pleading, the door opened, and Thornton strode across the room. With no gentle hand he put Earle aside, stooped to lift Elgarde in his arms, and bore her to her chamber, where he gave her into the hands of her maid and the housekeeper.

That one action revealed the truth. The right to tend her belonged to another, and he might not even stand beside her in her sorrow. Like a man drunken with wine, he staggered from the room and out into the air, wandering about aimlessly until he came to the beach. There he threw himself full length upon the sands, and with the sad sound of the rolling waves in his ears, gave himself up to utter misery.

The night deepened and blackened. Athwart the starry sky leaden clouds were cast, and the soft breeze became a shrill, sharp blast, lashing the waves into foam as they rolled nearer and nearer to his feet. In the lulls of the storm heavy rain-drops fell, drenching him to the skin, but he never moved from the spot. Could he have died there, his life would have gone out in thankfulness then. Its one sweet cup had been dashed cruelly from his lips, leaving it blank and desolate. What was all the world to him now? Its brightness and beauty had faded in an hour. His strongest aspiration was to be released from it at once and forever.

Through the gray dawn he went back to the mansion, drenched and shivering, even while a fever fire ran like molten lead through his veins. His head swam, and his limbs were like lead; so as he went, it was with the thought that it was only to die. It seemed to him that the wished-for boon was near at hand, and he should indeed leave the miseries of earth behind him.

Reaching his own room, he cast off his wet apparel, robed himself in a dressing-gown, and throwing himself heavily upon his couch, sank into a feverish, dreamless slumber.

It was several days ere he woke to consciousness again. A fierce fever raged which threatened his life, and threw an immeasurable gloom over the house, to which misfortunes had never come singly, but followed one upon another in rapid succession. Sir Falcon had rallied, but did not attempt to leave the room, and the physician divided his time between the chambers, ministering alike to the old and the young, doubting which would go down first to the Dividing Waters.

It was in the twilight gloom that Earle first recalled what had passed. The doctor had left him to communicate the news of his safety to Sir Falcon, and the housekeeper, who had constituted herself his nurse, sat beyond his reach in the shadow of the curtains. He thought himself alone upon looking round the room, and sighed bitterly.

"Ah! why could they not let me die? Have I come back from the grave to walk alone through the desolate earth? My God, couldst Thou not in pity have taken me to Thyself?"

By the dim light the housekeeper saw him lift his wan hands feebly, gazing with a long and earnest look upon them.

"To think," he murmured, "that I have been so near to death, and yet have not gone! As near as I once thought myself to heaven. But both are denied me. Oh, Elgarde!"

The wan hands fell limp upon his breast; his eyes closed wearily, large tears gathering beneath the brown lashes. The good woman, who had a really kind heart hidden away beneath her cold exterior, bowed her head in silence, and wept with compassion.

The cautious opening of the door, followed by a swift, soft step upon the carpet, attracted the attention of both simultaneously. Intuitively he knew who it was that entered, and lay still, with closed eyes, while she came forward and bent over him like a ministering spirit with her floating hair and spotless robes. He felt her little hand upon his forehead, her lips, like softest velvet, trembling over his cheek. Her breath, sweet as an infant's, and as pure, was on his face, her hair veiling him with its splendor. In the ecstasy of that delicious moment, he would have clasped her to his bosom, but feared to frighten her away by a motion. So he lay still, wrapped in the entrancing reality of her love, till she knelt beside his couch and breathed forth a low, tremulous prayer of thanks for his life restored, which shamed him for the wish to die. For one moment more she hovered over him, once again bending her lips lightly to his brow. Then there was a soft rustling of airy drapery, and before he could realize it she was gone.

For several minutes he lay bewildered and confused, but inexpressibly happy, the one thought uppermost in his mind, and forcing itself in low murmurous words upon his lips:

"She loves me, she loves me, and they cannot make her perjure herself. My angel! my darling, my beloved!"

Mrs. Weston stole noiselessly from the room. When she came back, half an hour later, he was slumbering peacefully, a smile upon his lips.

Elgarde came no more after that evening as she had come then. Some one was always with her, and she was cold and constrained. But the hope in his heart gave him strength, and he recovered rapidly. In the course of a week from his first waking, he was able to walk about his room, and to visit Sir Falcon's.

As Earle's strength returned the old man's faded away. Sir Falcon was slowly drifting out upon the stream of life to that sea which is called Eternity, and the shadow was already upon him. A few days before the end came Mrs. Weston came into Earle's room.

"May I have a little private conversation with you, Mr. Earle?" she asked hesitatingly. She saw the happy light within his eyes kindled there by Hope's delusions, and her heart misgave her.

"Certainly, dear Mrs. Weston. You have been so kind and tender with me during my illness, I want the opportunity to thank you. I have not deserved all the goodness you have shown me, but I am very, very grateful."

"Don't speak of it, Mr. Earle," deprecatingly. "I am afraid you will scarcely thank me when I have finished what I came to say."

"Do not fear, good nurse, but sit down," and he indicated a chair near him. She took it, looking at him sorrowfully.

"Has Sir Falcon said anything to you as yet about your future prospects, Mr. Earle?" she asked.

"No. Why?"

"I thought not, because you look so happy. Pardon me if I speak plainly. I do it in kindness, because I think you ought to know in justice to your cousin, Miss Broadbent. You love her. Had I not known it before I should have learned the truth during your illness. But it has been no secret to me all along, and I know that you are worthy of each other. She loves you as her life, and for your sake she will sacrifice herself to one no more fit to claim her than one of the servants in the hall below."

Earle's eyes were opened wide upon the good woman, all the color dashed from cheeks and lips in an instant.

"Explain. I do not understand you," he said faintly.

"Do you not know that she is to wed Mr. Meade?"

"I thought so once, but then she—she—!"

"I know what you would say! She loves you, and you think she will not allow herself to be forced into marriage with another. There is where you mistake the greatness of her character. For you she will sacrifice herself to a man she hates. You know she has always hated Thornton Meade."

"Yes," tremulously.

"Shall I tell you how this has been brought about?"

"Yes."

He shaded his eyes with one hand, turned his face from her, and listened silently.

"I believe my young mistress loves Sir Falcon very tenderly, but he has not dealt tenderly with her. Making her love a base for his selfishness, he has won her promise to fulfill the dearest wish of his life, and wed with her Cousin Thornton. To do this he has deceived her. He has made her believe that in a moment of rashness and folly all the fortune belonging to Thornton Meade went out of his guardian's hands. To replace it either she or you must be sacrificed. If she refused to accept Thornton's hand and spare her uncle's honor before the world a charge was to be made against you, and you were to be discarded, your rightful inheritance passing to your cousin. She is a young, ignorant girl, Mr. Earle, and cannot understand the folly of this story, made up merely to entrap her. It is your right to expose it, and force justice from him before he goes down to his grave thus polluted. Forgive me for saying so much. I have no right to do so save that which my regard for you and Miss Broadbent gives me."

She arose, a little fiery spot upon each cheek, indicating the control she had put upon herself. Earle thanked her warmly, and when she had gone sat for a long time in silence, his brow bowed upon one delicate hand.

"Dear Elgarde! For me she would do this—sell herself to a man she hates—barter her own precious peace forever that I may have justice in the mere matter of fortune! What is fortune to me without her to share it? What is life without her love? Thank God it is not too late! He shall not have her—he shall not! How base must be the man who would accept a wife upon such terms? Good Heavens! And this man is of kindred blood! Give me patience to bear the thought."

In his growing excitement he rose and paced the floor until his feeble strength gave way. His thoughts were tumultuous and torturing. He could not be calm.

A night's reflection brought him back to the even tenor of his way, however. The hope he cherished grew brighter for the struggles through which he had passed, and he looked to the future cheerfully—that future embodying but one being—Elgarde. Thornton never had been anything to him. Sir Falcon, by the miserable attempt to sacrifice a being so pure and guileless to his wishes, without remorse or scruple, sank to the dead level of nothingness. Even his pity for the old man in his declining hours was gone.

Through the day that followed he remained quietly in his own room. The morning after that he drove out, and after lunch slept for an hour. Late in the afternoon Sir Falcon sent for him.

When Earle entered the chamber, he saw that the end was near at hand. Sir Falcon sat up in his bed, supported by pillows, while a light wind blowing through the open window rippled the long white beard upon his breast. The faded eyes were growing dimmer; the brow pallid with the chill of death. Hardened as was Earle's heart with the remembrance of his wrongs, a thrill of pity and awe swept through him in beholding the close of an unsatisfactory life.

"You sent for me, sir," said Earle, taking the chair to which the old man pointed where the light fell full upon his face. Its pallor was strongly defined now, and each blue vein stood out upon the temples. Sir Falcon's voice trembled.

"You have been very ill, Earle. You do not rally so rapidly as I thought."

"Yes, I was very ill," answered the young man simply.

"I sent for you to talk of business. Are you equal to it, my boy?"

The unusual tenderness of the address touched him. Earle answered hastily,

"O, yes! I am quite equal to all you may be able to say."

"I am passing away," said Sir Falcon slowly. "My hours are numbered. Ere long all that I now possess will be your rightful heritage. You will be Sir Earle Broadbent, and this estate comes at once into your hands. It might have been richer had I been a more fortunate man; but disappointment made me careless. Yet it is free from encumbrance, and will afford you all you want both for comfort and luxury. I presume your whim of adopting a profession will now be abandoned."

"That depends upon circumstances, sir. Yet I think that I shall carry out my wishes in the matter. I have no fancy for an idle, inert life."

Sir Falcon made a gesture of impatience.

"What folly! Sir Earle Broadbent a doctor, administering pills and powders to his own tenantry! Pshaw!"

He tossed over angrily. Earle, without heeding him, said, gravely,

"Uncle Falcon, you have but now said that your hours were numbered. Do you mean that your last action in life shall be a cruel and unjust one?"

"What do you mean?"

"What I say—no more—no less. For myself, I have never expected anything beyond what the laws of England give me. Love for me you have never had, and I have been a thorn in your side all my life, standing between you and your favorite, to whom you would give all now, could you do it without dishonor to the name you bear. Heaven knows that I would gladly have given all to which my birth entitles me, for that which you have withheld, but I could not, and have tried to bear my lot patiently. Perhaps a hope of what I most wished, when the end should come, helped me to bear; but if so, it was worse than vain. Under your roof, during your life, I have been lonely and isolated. In dying, you leave me worse than lonely—bereaved of all that is dear to me—poorer than the poorest creature that begs for bread in the crowded streets of the distant city. You cannot have failed to see that I love my cousin—that my love is returned by her as fervently as it is given. You cannot but see, also, that she hates the man to whom you would give her, while you have made that love of hers for me a link to bind her to another. Because of her love for you and for myself, you lay her a sacrifice upon the altar of your selfishness! Is this to be the crowning act of your life? To secure wealth to your favorite, you condemn us to misery. She will not break her word to you, now that it is given. I know it well. But you can release her. Do it, and if it will afford you any pleasure, Thornton shall have half of what we both possess—Elgarde and I. Only leave us to each other!"

"But Thornton loves her," said the old man, faintly. "He will be as miserable as I have been."

"Loves her!" cried Earle, passionately. "I tell you, Uncle Falcon, he does not love her. If he did, he would not wilfully condemn her life for ever. And have you no pity? Have you forgotten all her unselfish devotion, her pure affection, which has been bent to but one object since she came to you—that of making you happy. Is it thus you repay her love, and can you go to Eternity with such a deadly sin upon your soul?"

Sir Falcon's hands trembled as he covered his face with them, murmuring in faltering tones,

"This is hard from you, Earle. Do you think me so very wicked?"

"I do indeed, sir."

The old man groaned.

"From another it would be less bitter; but it was his father who robbed me of all that was dear to me in life. That father's son becomes my heir, and on my dying bed upbraids me with injustice—even wickedness."

"Oh, sir," and wholly melted, Earle caught the trembling hand as it fell to the counterpane, "believe that I do not wound you willingly, and hold me not accountable for my father's deeds. Was it wrong in him to wed with the one you loved, if her heart preferred him above you? Cannot your love for her make you tender and pitiful with her child? Let me not seem harsh, but win you to an act which will make the close of your life brighter. Release Elgarde. I will not ask you to give her to me, if you do not wish it. But do not bind her to Thornton Meade. If you do, she will assuredly die."

Sir Falcon looked into the pale, pleading face and impassioned eyes with a dawn of compassion. Tears glittered upon his own cheeks—drops from long sealed fountains. When he spoke again, his voice was husky with feeling:

"Rest in peace, boy. I will release her, if she desires to be released. Look now in a casket you will find in my cabinet, and bring to me the miniature you will find there. I will show you the image of an angel, which should have led me heavenward!"

Earle obeyed, his heart palpitating with joy and compassion. When he handed it to Sir Falcon, the withered fingers closed over it convulsively. Ah! how he had loved her! No light breath of passion was it, to wane with the waning years; but a love strong in death as in life—the one and inseparable love of a strong and tenacious soul.

Looking upon the beautiful type of girlish loveliness, he did not wonder. Earle remembered his mother as the fairest of created beings to his eyes, not even excepting his own love, Elgarde; and that any other should worship her gave him no food for wonder. He bowed silently over Sir Falcon's shoulders, gazing long upon the pictured face to which the old man's eyes were riveted in seeming oblivion of all else.

At last the fingers relaxed, and a moan broke through his lips.

"God forgive me; but when she was taken from me, all that was best and noblest in me died. I became stern, proud, selfish, and exacting. I strove to win by power what love denied me. Ah, well! it is almost over."

Earle's eyes brimmed. Yes, it was "almost over." He knew it by the gathering shades under the dim eyes, and touched the bell to assemble the family, knowing that death was near.

Elgarde came first, obedient to his summons, followed by Thornton and the housekeeper. A servant was despatched for the doctor; but there was no confusion. Elgarde, in her white dress, no vestige of color about her, sat mutely beside him, holding his hand, while Earle occupied his chair near the bed. Thornton leaned over the foot of the couch, awed by the approach of the solemn messenger. Mrs. Weston stood near him, watchful and quiet. Sir Falcon's eyes took in the scene wearily.

"I know what you mean," he said to Earle, slowly. "You have summoned them to see me die. It is well. All earthly matters are settled, save one. That is yet to be done. Come closer, Elgarde. Sit where I can see your face."

She moved round passively, her features calm and white—hopelessly white, as the dress she wore.

"Tell me, child, if it is your wish to recall the promise so lately made. I am ready to absolve you, if it is your wish. Your happiness is dearer to me than the fulfillment of a long-cherished project. Be frank."

"I have said all I can say," murmured the girl, sadly. "My promise is given. If I take it back, the motive for making it becomes as nothing. I will not purchase my own freedom at such a price. Let it stand."

Earle spoke eagerly.

"Garde, he does not ask it. Do not fear. Uncle Falcon will wrong no one now."

The quick color flashed to her cheek as she turned her eyes upon him.

"Then he will not disinherit you, Earle?" but to Sir Falcon she appealed for the answer.

He smiled faintly.

"No, child. I ask nothing of you but to be happy, and try to live a better life than mine has been. Give me your hand, Earle."

With his feeble ones he clasped the youth's and maiden's together. His eyes sought Thornton's now, where he stood white and mute at the foot of the bed.

"Thus do I right the wronged, and show my repentance for a wilful sin. Seek not to part them. You have enough, and can win more if need be. But leave these two to themselves and their possessions. I charge this upon you as a last request."

Thornton only bowed his head to hide the [illegible] of his features—the baleful light of his lurking eyes. He kissed Sir Falcon, [illegible] a few tender words to those between him and his dearest hopes, and then saw them kneel together beside his couch.

Through the open window fell ruddy gleams of light from the setting sun. They flushed the snow of Sir Falcon's beard, and passing touched the bright young heads with their glory. Up from the sea floated the murmur of the ever restless waves; out among the trees little birds chirped and twittered softly as they sought their leafy coverts. Heavenly peace brooded over all Nature, and the hour was a sweet one in which to walk down to the river. In peace the old man's eyes closed upon the world, for as the shadows of death approached, and the passionate voice of youth pleaded for justice and pity, his heart had softened, and he had yielded to better impulses. So when the worn frame grew cold, and mists gathered over the dim eyes, a sense of rest stole into the departing soul, soothing it to slumber as a weary child might close its eyes in the decline of a summer day. When Earle and Elgarde raised themselves from beside the couch where they knelt in prayer for the dying, the lamp of life had gone out, and only a clay image was there. The spirit of Sir Falcon Broadbent had passed to the mysteries of the Eternal.

"It is over," murmured Mrs. Weston, reverently, and Thornton passed from the room in silence. To do him justice, he had loved Sir Falcon as he loved no other, and his death stunned him to passive submission where he would have rebelled, but for that brooding Presence which in spite of human hardihood, fills the soul with awe. Earle and Elgarde lingered yet a little while, until Mrs. Weston suggested that they should leave him in other hands; and then they too went out from the presence of the dead.

Three days Sir Falcon lay in state at the mansion before the funeral, and in all this time Thornton Meade came but once from his chamber. Elgarde was sitting beside the coffin, half concealed by the heavy curtains hung over the alcove in which the remains had been placed, when he came into the room, and without noticing her removed the covering to look long and earnestly upon the dead. By the light of the tapers, she saw that his face was pale and haggard, his eyes heavy and sunken. Every lineament spoke of suffering, deep, sincere. Her heart smote her painfully. Hardened against him, wrapped up in themselves, they had cared only for each other, leaving him to suffer alone. The thought filled her with remorse. As he moved away she glided to his side and laid her hand lightly upon his arm.

"Thornton," she said tremulously, "you suffer, and without sympathy to soothe you. It is our common grief. Let us comfort each other. Do not shut yourself from us."

A crimson flush dyed his forehead, and a bitter smile curled his lip.

"Your pity comes too late. All that could help me to bear this bereavement with any fortitude, he took from me in dying. Elgarde, you will never know, never believe, how much and how well I loved you. From my boyhood up it has been a part of my life to look upon you as my bride. Not with affection, I confess it. I knew that it was the darling wish of Sir Falcon's heart, and that only reconciled me to the thought of a union with you, until I saw you. But after that—oh! I will not tell you how soon my heart was won, and how I came to love you better than my own life."

"Your manner was anything but lover-like," interrupted Elgarde, with a gleam of the old spirit even death could not repress. "Oh! Thornton, remember where you are," she added solemnly, checking herself, "and do not desecrate the dead by falsehood."

"Elgarde, I do not. I acted by my uncle's advice a part I would not otherwise have played. He thought it the surest way to win you, and I seemed willing to torment when I only would have pleased, left to my own inclination. But that is all over. I loved the dead, and his dying lips sealed my doom. I hope you will be happy. For myself I ask nothing—care for nothing. As he lived, lonely and desolate, so will I live. Perhaps in another life I may be less unfortunate. For this I have no hope."

The mournful pathos of his voice thrilled her, and the pale, suffering face seemed to stamp his words with truth. Naturally tender and pitiful, Elgarde's heart ached over the desolation and misery she unwittingly had wrought, and she stood beside him with bowed head, large tears rolling over her white cheeks. He took her hand in his, and held it between both his own, speaking softly, earnestly:

"Elgarde, were I to tell you that I have no wish to change this destiny, it would be unjust to myself, for it would not be true. But I will not ask anything of you. My cousin Earle, youthful and visionary, is still a better man than I. That you love him I know too well. That he worships you is easy to see, and Heaven knows I wish only happiness for both. I have no right to tell you now that he cannot love you better than I. That assurance has been hushed upon my lips. But when all is over, and I go away to return no more, I would be glad to think that you remember me with kindness and sympathy. I know that I have no right to expect it—have done little to deserve it—but when you remember my desolation you will not deny it me."

Her voice was choked with sobs.

"Indeed, Thornton, I will remember you kindly. If I have misjudged or wronged you, forgive me. Yet why go away at all? Surely this old mansion can afford all of us shelter."

"No, that is impossible. You speak as only the innocent, unworldly can speak. But think! I love you—you are to wed another, even after I have been taught for years to call you mine. Could I remain here to witness your happiness in another's love, to see another joy in the possession of what should have been mine? When you reflect upon it, you will know that this is the only course left me. I will not remain, a blot upon the brightness of your joy—a curse to myself in beholding. When Uncle Falcon is laid to rest in the old churchyard, I will go away and trouble you no more. This is the last time I shall ever speak to you alone, perhaps, and I now bid you farewell. I repeat that I hope you will be happy, and that no cloud may darken the future of your life."

He lifted the little hand to his lips, trembling and cold, and, without further words, turned slowly from the room. With silent tears streaming over her face, Elgarde went back to her place beside the coffin, and leaning her head against it, gave vent to the sorrow she could not repress.

Neither Earle nor Elgarde saw Thornton again until the funeral, when he took his place with them as chief mourner. But when all was over, and the old man laid away to rest in the church vault, beside those who had gone before him, he only waited to hear the will read, receive his portion from the hands of those who had it in keeping, and then bidding a farewell to the home of his childhood, departed silently, leaving no trace of his destination behind.

During the months that followed, many changes took place in the mansion. Earle departed for London, to pursue the plans laid out for himself, while the old place was being renovated and modernized for the reception of his bride, when he should have attained his desires. They were both too young to think of wedding immediately, and it was equally impossible for both to remain at Broadbent Park. So it was arranged that Earle should go to London and carry out his intention of becoming a professional man, while Elgarde remained at the Park, dividing her time between that and the home of her uncle's god-daughter, Lady Ellington, who kindly came to her in her bereavement and loneliness.

Three years sped rapidly. In all that time Earle had never been home, but his letters came regularly, filled with bright hopes and glowing anticipations of the future. He had succeeded well, outstripping all of his fellow-students in his eager pursuit of useful knowledge, and was about to graduate with distinguished honors.

Elgarde had changed in this time, so far as personal appearance went. She had grown taller somewhat, and lost much of the girlishness which had characterized her when she first came to Broadbent Park; while in its place was a sweet womanliness and dignity of face and manner which enhanced her loveliness tenfold. Association with Lady Ellington and her noble husband had done much for her. As the time drew near for her betrothed's return and the celebration of their nuptials, which event was to crown his three years' labor, she began to realize how strangely circumstances had worked for her good, fitting her the more worthily to fill the position which was soon to be hers.

Lady Ellington insisted upon giving them a wedding, and it was arranged that Earle should take his bride from her house, the day being fixed for the latter part of April. Early in that month he came down from London to see that the changes were all to his satisfaction, and perfect arrangements for the coming nuptials.

A whim seized Elgarde on the morning of the day he was to arrive. She would go up to Broadbent to meet him. They had parted in the old library, sacred to both in its hallowed memories of the past, and she would receive him there and alone. It was the only room left unaltered, but neither had fancied changing it, and she thought it would please Earle to find her there.

He was to arrive in the evening, so Lady Ellington good-naturedly allowing her to follow her own inclinations, drove her up to the Park and left her, saying that she would call for her again, or come up herself to the Park and spend the night, if she preferred. Elgarde chose the latter.

"And bring Lord Ellington with you," cried the young girl, as she ran up the steps to the front door-way. "Earle will be so pleased."

The day was spent happily, excitedly. She could not be still, but flitted from room to room in her joy like the Elgarde of old, filling Earle's chamber with flowers from the conservatories, and arranging a thousand little things for his eye no one else might think of. But as evening drew near, a maidenly shyness crept over her, softening the buoyant step, and forcing her back into quiet dignity. With a beating heart, full of thronging emotions, she stole into the library and sat down behind the curtains of the old bay window, where he used to love to read. There she bowed her head and waited, listening to the winds rising without.

While she sat there, the sky grew dark with a coming storm. The waves of the ocean were lashed into wrathful fury by the winds and rolled thundering upon the beach with heavy, reverberating sounds which seemed almost to shake the earth. Red tongues of flame leaped along the horizon, blinding her with their glare as she looked forth, while the thunder of the heavens now mingled with that of the waves.

Elgarde was not timid, but as she surveyed the murky elements and heard the war of their contention, a chill crept through her frame. It was a sad night to give her lover welcome, for he must come from the station through the storm. Yet the carriage awaited him, and she had made his home bright. Oh, if he would but come.

Six, seven, eight! It was time for him to arrive, and Elgarde strained her faculties to catch the sound of approaching wheels through the sough of the winds. But not the faintest indication of his coming rewarded her, until she grew alarmed and came out from her retreat in an agony of suspense. She walked to the window nearest the entrance, but there the blinds were drawn, and she could see nothing when she had put them aside. From it she turned to the terrace, suffering the winds to toss her hair madly, while she listened. Then she went back, sought her covert again and threw herself upon her face.

Some accident must have occurred. The train thrown from the track, or a tree blown upon him by the fierce winds. Filled with such fears, her heart beat, and every nerve was strained to its utmost tension.

For several moments she remained perfectly still, hearing no sound but that of the beating storm, till a voice startled her calling her name.

"Elgarde!"

She knew it well, and sprang from the window with a glad cry, to be folded in his arms rapturously.

"Oh, Earle, thank God for your safety! I had grown so alarmed that every moment was agony. But you are here at last and safe."

"And happy," he said, joyously, holding her off to look at her. He had grown tall and robust, though his face was still fair and pale from confinement. The joyousness of look and tone thrilled her. Earle had grown out of his sadness, and in grasping at the real, left much that was fanciful and visionary behind him. He stood before her still youthful in years, but with all of a strong man's nobility and earnestness of purpose written upon his brow. That which his friends laughed at as a freak and whim, filled her with respect and honor, for he had put aside the advantages of wealth and position that his life might be one of usefulness, devoted to his fellow beings. The pride that swell in her heart at the moment flushed her cheeks and filled her eyes with tears.

"Oh, Earle, I am so happy!" she murmured, hiding her face against his shoulder. "What have I done to deserve so much? God has been good to me indeed."

His arms clasped her closely; his voice grew deep and tender, his handsome face grave with feeling.

"And are you so entirely happy, my Elgarde, as this? May you never be otherwise, my darling. I will never suffer one throb of pain to stir this gentle little heart, if love of mine, and devotion can shield it."

She looked up fondly, her beautiful face mirroring both joy and sadness.

"I am happy, Earle, with one single regret only shading it. Where is Thornton? We have never heard from him save that once when he started for America; and the thought of past dislike and harshness has often made me sad. Only for that last interview beside Uncle Falcon's coffin, I should never have known sadness in remembering him, but I cannot help it now. I hope he may find friends somewhere—that he may learn to be happy as we are."

For reply, he drew her closer to his bosom, kissing her forehead fondly. He understood her too well to feel chilled by this expression of interest and regret for his rival. By that one action, confided to him long ago, Thornton Meade had won his cousin's sympathy, heightened by these years of silence, because they spoke more of a stern effort for self-control than anger, to his charitable nature.

Earle led her to a seat, and took a place beside her; but before he had time to speak, the dull, heavy boom of a signal gun came up from the sea. In a moment it was repeated, and from the window they saw the flashes of light as report after report rolled over the water. A large ship had drifted out of her way, and was fast tending toward the rocks which lined the coast, where inevitable destruction awaited her.

"Oh, Earle, that ship is doubtless freighted with living souls, and they must be lost!" cried Elgarde, pale and terrified. "What can we do?"

"I must go to the beach," he answered. "We have some boats and may be able to do some good. I will take all the men with me and away. Stay here, my darling. We must not let them die without an attempt to save them—some, at least."

"But, oh, Earle, you may risk your own life. Do not go into danger, for my sake," she cried, grasping his arm.

He stood still, caught both her hands in his own, and looked down at her.

"Elgarde, can you be happy if I sit down beside you here while the storm beats without, and the pitiless waves swallow up struggling creatures crying aloud for help with none to hear? If so I will not stir from your side."

She bent her head in shame.

"No, Earle, go! I am selfish, I know, but could not do this. I will go with you."

He did not try to prevent her, but while she threw a shawl around her form as a slight protection, he called several of the men from the halls below, and ordering them to get all the ropes they could find, hastened down to the beach. Elgarde followed more slowly, unwilling to retard his movements, and conscious of her own ability to take care of herself. When she reached the spot, the vessel in a perfect wreck was lying upon a huge rock, while the lurid glare of the lightning as it leaped along the horizon, revealed a number of people clinging to it in agony. She could fancy that she heard their cries of despair through the thunder of the ocean.

Half a dozen men with lanterns had already reached the beach, while others came fast toward it from the tenantry. In a little while the place swarmed with stalwart, brawny fellows; but no one dared to enter the frail little boats and venture out into that mass of seething waters, where they boiled up over the rocks in their fury like living demons of destruction. With her hands clasped and her heart beating wildly Elgarde watched her lover as he went among them urging them to efforts to save the unfortunate ones. But one look was enough. Each and all shook their heads hopelessly.

Earle was in despair, his noble face pale as marble. He had caught sight of a drifting spar to which a man was clinging, and had heard the shout for help like a far-off echo. Throwing aside coat and hat, he knotted a long rope to his waist and bade them hold the other end. He would himself go out and try to rescue those whom he might reach. Seeing his intention, Elgarde glided through the group of men to his side, her face white as marble. He turned a shade paler as he saw her, and he caught her to his heart with one strong, passionate embrace, leaving a burning kiss upon her lips as he put her away from him. As she staggered back he plunged into the water and was engulphed instantly.

A wild cry died in Elgarde's throat, she thought he would rise no more. But in a moment by the glare of the lanterns upon the water, she saw him rise above the wave swimming vigorously, and again disappear.

With hushed breath she fell upon her knees, straining her eyes in the endeavor to watch his course. Every soul was breathlessly still, the men who held the rope pale as she, in her unearthly beauty.

Presently a shout burst simultaneously from the crowd. By a flash of lightning they had caught a glimpse of Earle as he gained the spar. The darkness swallowed him up almost immediately, but after a moment's delay, they began to pull vigorously at the rope, and soon drew it to the beach.

A figure came out upon the sands, struggled for a moment to assume an erect position, staggered forward and fell prostrate. With a cry, Elgarde sprang forward, and bending down amid the group of rough men around her, gathered the dripping head to her bosom. But as the light fell upon the features she recoiled with a scream.

"Thornton Meade! It is Thornton Meade. Where is Earle? Has he perished in those wild waters! Oh, Earle, my darling! gone! gone!"

With shivering moans she cowered down where the surf shook the beach beneath her, and the spray drenched her unbound hair, loosed and falling in a mass about her shoulders. The grief and horror of the hour were terrible.

"For him," she gasped, "for him at last he has gone to his death! God pity me! God pity me!"

They let her alone, casting pitying glances upon the bowed figure as they hurried to and fro in search of the dead body of the young master. They took it for granted that he had perished. It seemed utterly impossible for human life to cope successfully with those fierce waves, all the while washing lifeless forms to the beach.

As they drifted one by one to the beach, the hapless ones were laid reverently apart, while the men searched still for Sir Earle.

At last a shout rose which reached Elgarde's ears—a shout of joy! She sprang to her feet and sped swiftly along to the spot where they had gathered, her heart palpitating almost to suffocation with the emotion. As she advanced they parted to let her enter the circle where Sir Earle sat leaning against a stone, his face white and ghastly. He perceived her, faintly smiled and held up his arms. With a great sobbing cry, she fell upon her knees and laid her head against his breast, both arms twined around his neck.

Only a moment was given to rejoicing. The young man put her gently away, and tried to rise.

"Let me go to the others. Have none reached the land in safety? Where is—where is—"

"Thornton?" asked Elgarde, noting his hesitation. "He came safely to land, but we could not think of him with you at the mercy of the cruel sea. Oh, Earle, I thought you had sacrificed your life to save him."

A hard, stern look came over Sir Earle's pale face.

"Go to him," he said sternly to the men. "See that he has proper care. I find I am too much exhausted to do more myself. Leave no effort untried to save any unfortunate one that may be left. Send Mr. Meade to the mansion and have him well cared for."

As they turned to obey, Elgarde took one of the lanterns they carried.

"Cannot you walk, Earle, if I support you? You must get home."

She gave him her hand and he stood up, leaning upon her delicate shoulder.

"You cannot bear it, my darling."

"Indeed I can! I can bear anything, now that the waves have given you back to me. Oh, how can I be thankful enough to the dear Father who has spared your life!"

Her ringing, tremulous tones thrilled him, and as his arm rested on her shoulder, his hand crept up to caress her cheek.

"Dear Elgarde, so faithful and loving! I heard your cry of anguish as Thornton was drawn from the water. Only for that I must have died indeed. But that put new life into my veins—new strength into my frame. I would not die then! I would not give you up to him!" and his breath came hard and fast. Elgarde, as they went slowly and laboriously over the uneven path, lifted her eyes to his face in wonder and alarm at its fierceness. He saw her look and answered.

"Child, the wickedness of man is incomprehensible! you cannot dream all he is capable of doing. But I will tell you no more now. Wait."

A cold chill crept through the young girl's frame—the chill of a fear too horrible to sustain for a moment. In silence they walked on to the mansion, where Mrs. Weston hastened to make them comfortable, for both were dripping, both exhausted.

Thornton Meade was borne to the house soon after, and attended carefully by Sir Earle's strict orders. Lady Ellington and her husband, who arrived about the same time, were sent away, one to Elgarde, the other to Thornton, while he reserved for himself nothing but to be allowed to rest.

The following day Sir Earle rallied sufficiently to superintend the burial of the dead from the wreck. It was late in the evening before Elgarde could find an opportunity to ask him for an explanation of his words on the night previous. When she did find it at last, the words hung upon her lips unspoken. She was afraid to ask. Sir Earle saw her hesitation and pallor, and drew her gently to a sofa beside him, where he reclined, in the library.

"I know what you wish, and I will tell you. But promise to be patient, and not to let what I tell you affect your treatment of Thornton Meade. Will you?"

"Yes," she faltered. "But I am afraid I promise only because you wish it."

"My darling, if he has any feeling of honor, kindness will best punish him. Last night, as I neared him, a flash of lightning revealed his features. He recognized me at the same moment, and a cry of joy escaped his lips as I clambered to the spar and unfastened the rope from about my waist. I thought to fasten it to the spar, and thus enable both to reach the beach in safety. Certainly there was danger of being crushed by it in landing, but we could easily throw ourselves from it when nearer the shore. I said as much to Thornton, seeing that he appeared almost exhausted; but just as I was about to fasten the rope to the spar, he seized it from my hand, and at the same instant thrust me into the water. I could not see more, for it was blindingly dark, nothing visible save the glare of lights upon the beach, which enabled me to strike for the land. How I got ashore I do not know. Many times I felt that I must perish, and once my senses had nearly deserted me, when your cry of anguish reached my ear. That seemed to inspire me, and I battled onward bravely, till the waves threw me violently upon the beach. One effort I made to get beyond the reach of the water, then fell senseless. When I recovered, no one had yet found me, and I crept up against that stone to rest, too weak to rise and go to you."

Elgarde sat white and breathless.

"Then he did try to murder you, and after you had already risked your life to save him? My God! how fearful! And now he is under your roof, nursed and tended like a child, with as much of tender care as should have been given to you, while you, instead, have been toiling all day. Oh! Earle, this surpasses all things. I am stunned, crushed, bewildered!"

He gathered her close to his heart.

"Elgarde, I can afford to be magnanimous. He has nothing left him in life but shame and misery, for he knows his guilt, and that I know it. How can he bear the thought of this, and my added kindness, even while knowing how he tried to hurl me into Eternity? Is it not enough of punishment? Nothing, nothing left to him, while I have still my life, by God's mercy, and what is more precious, my own darling one."

She hid her face in his bosom, shamed by his generosity, for her own anger had been fierce and bitter—her heart horrified and hardened against him.

Before Thornton ventured from his room Lady Ellington had taken Elgarde back to Ellington Park, and he never saw her again. He came to Sir Earle with the shame and humility of one utterly crushed to confess his wrong, and thanked him for his generous silence. After that he went away, and never by word or sign betrayed his existence again to the cousins he had [illegible] so fatally.

At the appointed time there was a grand wedding at Ellington Park, and after a short tour Sir Earle and Lady Broadbent took possession of their home in peace, troubled by no regrets for one who had proved himself unworthy of their sympathy. Sir Earle's after life was one of active benevolence, aided by the gentle little matron who presided over his home and heart with all of a true woman's faithfulness.

THE NATION'S ORPHAN.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

Poor little Tad!
In that White House chamber,
Desolate and sad,
Where he used to clamber
To his father's side,
When a lull of leisure
Gave him leave to bide
For a moment's pleasure.

Just the other day
Lightly, cheerily talking,—
Boy and man so gay,—
Hand in hand were walking
Through the Richmond street,
Cleared of rank secession,—
Now, those silent feet!
Now, that slow procession!

Dear little Tad!
Do not stop his weeping!—
What a sire he had!
With that head lie sleeping
Wisdom's gentleness,
Upright truth, and kindness
That could never guess
Treason's maddened blindness.

Child so sore bereft,
See, an orphaned nation
At your side is left;
Shares your desolation;—
Round that funeral pall,
Mourning millions bending;—
'Tis your grief, that all
Loyal souls is rending.

For that father's sake,
Boy he loved so dearly,
Love and blessing take
From the nation nearly
Saved by his right hand!
Be our son, our brother!
Take him, sorrowing Land,
With his heart-crushed mother;

Take them, ours to cheer,
To protect and cherish!
Of the man so dear
Let no memory perish
From the country's care,
Whole through his endeavor,
Warm yet with his prayer;—
His are ours, forever!

Weep, little Tad!
God, who loves, must chasten.
When we dare be glad,—
When the good times hasten,
Bringing His firm peace,
And our thanks address Him,—
This will never cease:
"Abraham Lincoln! bless him!"

For his namesake old,
O'er whom centuries slumber,
Once a Voice foretold
Blessings beyond number.
Abraham lived: but he
Gave his life-blood, rather.
Thrice-blest shall we be,
In our martyred Father.

—*The Congregationalist.*

The Poem Recited by Mr. Lincoln.

The poem which was such a favorite with the late President, beginning with the line—

"Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"

was written by William Knox, an Irish poet of considerable talent, who died in Edinburgh in 1825, at the age of thirty-six. His earlier years were tainted with dissipation, but at intervals the religious impressions he received from his parents in childhood would be evidenced by the verses he would write on sacred subjects. In the copy of this poem now going the rounds of the press, two stanzas are omitted—the fourth and the seventh. They are as follows:

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by;
And the memory of those who loved her and praised
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The saint who enjoyed the communion of Heaven,
The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

A CONSOLATION.

A new mode of estimating the character of a man by the length of his feet has been adopted in England. This is proper. The feet are the natural bases of the man, and the longer they are the greater is his title to consideration.

TRADE with the South is being resumed. The commercial papers in New York have now in their advertising columns what has for the last three years been omitted, the announcement that steamers are up for Mobile, Savannah, Charleston, Wilmington, Richmond, Norfolk, City Point, Georgetown, and Alexandria. Five steamships are advertised for Savannah alone, and three for Richmond. Two lines of steamships, and two of sailing vessels are running to New Orleans. Ships, brigs, schooners, to the number of about thirty, are loading for the above named ports, and for Beaufort, Port Royal, Newbern, Morehead City, Petersburg, Fernandina, and Apalachicola. Freight is also offering for Bucksville, Conwayboro, and other ports in South Carolina.

☞ The bleakest adversity may bear us to prosperity. The Arctic wanderer may be floated into a warm latitude on a cake of ice.

☞ A new screw has been invented in England, which, by an arrangement of the feather after the fashion of the Archimedean screw, has a rotary motion that gives it new velocity and directness, as though it were rifled.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1865.

Terms: Cash in Advance.

One copy, one year,	$2,50
Two copies, "	4,00
Four copies, "	8,00
Eight copies, " and one to getter up of club,	16,00
Twenty " and one to getter up of club,	35,00
One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND,	4,00

☞ As the price of THE POST is the same as that of THE LADY'S FRIEND, the Clubs may be composed exclusively of the paper, or partly of the paper and partly of the magazine. Of course, the premium for getting up a club may be either one or the other, as desired.

Any person having sent a Club may add other names at any time during the year. The papers for a Club may be sent to different Post-offices.

Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their papers.

Remittances should be made in Post Office Orders when possible. If not, in United States notes—or Drafts, payable to our order, which are preferable to the notes.

☞ Specimen numbers of THE POST sent gratis.

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND FASHION

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THE BEST WRITERS.

A HANDSOME STEEL ENGRAVING, and a COLORED STEEL FASHION PLATE, will illustrate every number; besides well executed Wood Cuts, illustrative of Stories, Patterns, &c.

TERMS.—Our terms are the same as those for that well-known weekly paper, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published by us for the last nineteen years—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly, where it is so desired—and are as follows:—One copy, one year, $2.50; Two copies, $4; Four copies, $8; Eight copies, (and one *gratis*,) $16; Twenty, (and one *gratis*,) $35. One copy each of THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE POST, $4.

☞ Single numbers of THE LADY'S FRIEND, (postage paid by us,) twenty-five cents.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twelve cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their magazines.

☞ The contents of THE LADY'S FRIEND and of THE POST will always be entirely different.

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☞ Specimen numbers will be sent on the receipt of fifteen cents, *to those desirous of procuring subscribers.*

A SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

In order to enable ladies to procure a first quality Sewing Machine at very little outlay, we make the following liberal offers, *which apply equally to* THE POST, *and to the* LADY'S FRIEND:—

We will give one of WHEELER & WILSON'S Celebrated Sewing Machines—the regular price of which is FIFTY-FIVE DOLLARS—on the following terms:—

1. Twenty copies of the Post, or of the Lady's Friend, one year, and the Sewing Machine, $70.00
2. Thirty copies, one year, and the Sewing Machine, $85.00
3. Forty copies, one year, and the Sewing Machine, $100.00

In the first of the above Clubs, a lady can get twenty subscribers at the regular price of $2.50 a copy, and then, by sending on these subscriptions, and *Twenty dollars in addition*, will get a Machine that she cannot buy anywhere for less than Fifty-five dollars. If she gets thirty subscribers and Seventy-five dollars, she will only have to add *Ten Dollars* to the amount. While if she gets forty subscribers at the regular price, she will get her Machine for nothing.

The paper or magazine will be sent to different post-offices if desired. The names and money should be forwarded as rapidly as obtained, in order that the subscribers may begin to receive their papers at once, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole amount of money is received, the Sewing Machine will be duly forwarded. The Clubs may be composed of subscribers to both periodicals if desired.

☞ In all cases the Machine sent will be the regular WHEELER & WILSON'S No. 8 Machine, sold by them in New York for Fifty-five Dollars. The Machine will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, *with the exception of freight.*

A CHANGE.

The editor of THE POST—after a long term of almost unremitted service—begs leave of his readers to give up the editorial chair for a time.

His general health, and more particularly the weak condition of his eyes, have indicated to him for several years past the necessity of taking some relaxation; and the present seems to be as good a period for that purpose as any other.

It may also be of advantage to the readers of THE POST that a new brain, fresh and vigorous, should be called to preside over its columns.

As THE POST is read principally by ladies, we have thought that perhaps a lady's taste and pen would not only fill but over-fill the vacancy made by the present editor's retirement.

MRS. BELLA Z. SPENCER, who has assisted in the editorship during the past winter, and many products of whose gifted and graceful pen are familiar to our readers, has kindly consented to fill the editorial chair which we desire for a time to vacate.

May we be allowed to ask the kindly judgment of our readers on Mrs. Spencer's efforts to please them. Much is said nowadays on the subject of opening new fields of employment for women. In the editorial field a lady certainly can labor with propriety, and especially where ladies principally are to be pleased, we think with good effect. Grace Greenwood in the "LITTLE PILGRIM," and Mrs. Peterson in our own "LADY'S FRIEND," are succeeding capitally—by general acknowledgment, both of voices and of subscriptions. And it would greatly please the present writer indeed, to see THE POST, under the leadership of some talented lady, achieving a far greater reputation and popularity than he has ever been able to obtain for it.

In conclusion, the editor need only add that he hopes still to contribute weekly more or less to the columns of THE POST, in order to show that during his respite from active duty, he still holds his thousands of old friends in grateful remembrance.

GRADING ROADS.

Mr. William Spaulding of Port Clinton, Ottowa county, Ohio, referring to an article on Road Making in a recent number of THE POST, calls our attention to a machine he has invented for the purpose of making, repairing, and keeping in order our common streets and roads, and which he alleges gives satisfaction to those who have tried it. He says:—

"This machine consists in the attachment to an ordinary farm wagon of a scraper. This scraper is made of iron, and is fastened to a wooden beam; this beam is connected with the wagon by a series of brace rods in such a manner that, while they secure the scraper from detachment when at work, they also permit of an elasticity of movement which prevents it from being brought into contact with obstructions of any kind. The forward part of the scraper has a plough end, which permits it to enter easily into the loose earth to be removed, (the machine can be used with or without the point,) and the height of the scraper is regulated by a lever, rack and chains working over a pulley, on the side of the wagon-frame."

Further and any information concerning this machine can be obtained by addressing Mr. Spaulding.

A GOOD CUSTOM.

"The ladies of Philadelphia have introduced a new custom, likely to be popular. They are sending anonymously to their gentlemen acquaintances, small pies and tarts, enveloped in white tissue paper, like wedding cake. The meaning of this curious innovation is yet a mystery."

We find the above in a New York paper. We hope it is true, though we must acknowledge for one that we have never as yet received any "pies" anonymously—the most we ever get from our lady friends are prettily written epistles, some of which, it is true, might be properly termed a very little "tart."

If the custom in question however is "likely to be popular," we shall live in hope of receiving our fair share of attention. Though, as the weather is becoming warm, and "pies and tarts" rather heating to the blood, we would suggest that the ladies should vary their favors by sending something better adapted to the season. Of course our motto is the usual editorial one, "The smallest favors thankfully received, and larger ones in proportion."

HANDSOME ESTABLISHMENT.

The new photographic establishment of Messrs. Wenderoth, Taylor & Brown, in Chestnut Street above Ninth, is said to be the handsomest in the United States, if not in the world. It is well worth a visit even by those who do not intend purchasing anything, as the collection of paintings is large and beautiful. No photographers in the country surpass these in the excellence of the higher styles of work. Many of their colored photographs are truly exquisite. Some of their ivorytypes and their photographs on porcelain we have never seen excelled. There is not a great deal of difference, we think, between the majority of photographers as to the excellence of their simple uncolored photographs. This is in a great degree a matter of mechanical ingenuity; but in the higher styles of coloring, the eye and hand of a true artist are imperatively required. And we think that any one desiring a really first-class portrait, cannot do better than to patronize *Messrs. Wenderoth, Taylor & Brown.*

SUCH IS LIFE.—Among the passengers in a recent steamship from the Isthmus, was a lady from California with two husbands—one living and the other dead.

There was also another lady, a widow, who had brought the corpse of her late husband as far as Panama, but was compelled to leave it there, owing to some defect in the embalming. She was in great grief in consequence thereof.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

POPULAR TALES. By MARIA EDGEWORTH. Published by Ashmead & Evans, Philada.

MORAL TALES. By MARIA EDGEWORTH. Published by Ashmead & Evans, Philada.

HOME MANUAL, OR THE ECONOMICAL COOK BOOK. By ELIZABETH NICHOLSON. We commend this work most cordially to our readers, believing it to be by a lady very competent to perform the important work she has undertaken.

BEATRICE, by JULIA KAVANAGH. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philada.

JANET STRONG. By VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

WILFRED MONTRESSOR; or, THE SECRET ORDER OF THE SEVEN." With numerous illustrations. By the author of "Abel Parsons," &c. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

☞ "How does it appear," said Sheridan to a lady on a late occasion," that the subject of Gray's elegy in a country churchyard was a volunteer soldier?" Because the poet informs us that

"Large was his bounty and his soul sincere."

☞ A new mode of raising money at a festival has been devised in St. Louis. A vote is being taken on the question, "Who is the most popular clergyman of that city?" with a dollar qualification for a voter, the successful candidate to be presented with a gold-headed cane.

☞ An extraordinary instance of determined endurance has just occurred in the prison of Alcala, in Spain. A man named Puebla, condemned to death for murder, in his dread of the garotte, determined to starve himself to death. He resolutely refused all food, and on the 12th day expired from exhaustion.

A TRIBUTE.

The *London Punch*—so long a sympathiser with the Rebellion—endeavors to make amends by inserting the following tribute to our lamented President. The poetry accompanies an engraving, which represents "BRITANNIA SYMPATHISING WITH COLUMBIA," by laying a second laurel wreath upon the dead man's bier. The poem is as follows:

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Foully Assassinated, April 14, 1865.

You lay a wreath on murdered LINCOLN'S bier,
You, who with mocking pencil wont to trace,
Broad for the self-complacent British sneer,
His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face,

His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling hair,
His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,
His lack of all we prize as debonair,
Of power or will to shine, of art to please.

You, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh,
Judging each step, as though the way were plain:
Reckless, so it could point its paragraph,
Of chief's perplexity, or people's pain.

Beside this corpse, that bears for winding-sheet
The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear anew,
Between the mourners at his head and feet,
Say, scurril-jester, is there room *for you?*

Yes, he had lived to shame me from my sneer,
To lame my pencil, and confute my pen—
To make me own this hind of princes peer,
This rail-splitter a true-born king of men.

My shallow judgment I had learnt to rue,
Noting how to occasion's height he rose,
How his quaint wit made home-truth seem more true,
How, iron-like, his temper grew by blows.

How humble yet how hopeful he could be:
How in good fortune and in ill the same:
Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he,
Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.

He went about his work—such work as few
Ever had laid on head and heart and hand—
As one who knows, where there's a task to do,
Man's honest will must Heaven's good grace command;

Who trusts the strength will with the burden grow,
That God makes instruments to work His will,
If but that will we can arrive to know,
Nor tamper with the weights of good and ill.

So he went forth to battle, on the side
That he felt clear was Liberty's and Right's,
As in his peasant boyhood he had plied
His warfare with rude Nature's thwarting mights—

The uncleared forest, the unbroken soil,
The iron-bark, that turns the lumberer's axe,
The rapid, that o'erbears the boatman's toil,
The prairie, hiding the mazed wanderer's tracks,

The ambushed Indian, and the prowling bear—
Such were the needs that helped his youth to train:
Rough culture—but such trees large fruit may bear,
If but their stocks be of right girth and grain.

So he grew up, a destined work to do,
And lived to do it: four long-suffering years'
Ill-fate, ill-feeling, ill-report, lived through,
And then he heard the hisses changed to cheers,

The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise,
And took both with the same unwavering mood:
Till, as he came on light, from darkling days,
And seemed to touch the goal from where he stood,

A felon hand, between the goal and him,
Reached from behind his back, a trigger prest—
And those perplexed and patient eyes were dim,
Those gaunt, long-laboring limbs were laid to rest.

The words of mercy were upon his lips,
Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen,
When this vile murderer brought swift eclipse
To thoughts of peace on earth, good-will to men.

The Old World and the New, from sea to sea,
Utter one voice of sympathy and shame!
Sore heart, so stopped when it at last beat high,
Sad life, cut short just as its triumph came.

A deed accurst! Strokes have been struck before
By the assassin's hand, whereof men doubt
If more of horror or disgrace they bore;
But thy foul crime, like Cain's, stands darkly out,

Vile hand, that brandest murder on a strife,
Whate'er its grounds, stoutly and nobly striven;
And with the martyr's crown crownest a life
With much to praise, little to be forgiven!

☞ French paper says that the King of the Belgians, when in London, the week before last, "contracted a morganatic marriage with La Baronne Meyer D'Epinghoven."

☞ The *Gazette de Midi* affirms that the dying Czarewitch, while the Princess Dagmar and his brother Alexander were by his bedside, bequeathed the Princess to Alexander as his future bride.

☞ Jeff Davis commanded Johnston not to surrender, but to disband his infantry, spike his cannon, and, with his cavalry and mounted artillerists, to cover the flight of the remnant of the Confederate Government, but Johnston refused to obey the order.

☞ An Irish servant girl in Venango county, who can neither neither read nor write, has fallen heir to an income of three hundred thousand dollars. Such is oil.

☞ Asiatic leprosy is extending among the people of the Sandwich Islands. A medical commissioner has been sent to India to ascertain the best method of treating the disease.

☞ A very low price of wheat in England has induced farmers there to feed it to stock quite extensively. Sheep eat it at the rate of about a pint a day.

The Charges Against the Assassins.

The publication of the charges and specifications against the conspirators who are under trial at Washington, furnishes the public with some information not hitherto afforded, as to the accusations against the particular individuals who are now before the court. It also shows that some persons are implicated who have not yet been arrested. The principal charge is against all the persons who are under arrest, viz:—David E. Harold, George A. Atzeroth, Lewis Payne, Michael O'Laughlin, Edward Spangler, Samuel Arnold, Mary E. Surratt, and Samuel A. Mudd. They are charged with conspiring with the following persons:—John H. Surratt, John Wilkes Booth, Jefferson Davis, George N. Sanders, Beverly Tucker, Jacob Thompson, William C. Cleary, Clement C. Clay, George Harper, George Young, and others unknown, to kill and murder Abraham Lincoln, Andrew Johnson, William H. Seward, and Ulysses S. Grant, with intention to deprive the Army and Navy of the United States of a constitutional Commander-in-Chief, and to deprive the armies of the United States of their lawful Commander, and to prevent a lawful election of President and Vice President of the United States; and to aid and comfort the insurgents engaged in armed Rebellion against the United States, and thereby to aid in the subversion and overthrow of the United States.

Edward Spangler is charged with aiding and assisting John Wilkes Booth to obtain entrance to the box in the theatre in which Abraham Lincoln was sitting at the time he was assaulted and shot, and also with aiding him in barring and obstructing the door of the box of the theatre so as to hinder and prevent any assistance to a rescue of the President against the murderous assault; and with aiding and abetting Booth in making his escape after the murder.

Harold is charged with assisting Booth in the murder and in his escape. Payne is charged with having made the murderous assault upon Secretary Seward, Frederick W. Seward, Augustus W. Seward, Emerick W. Hansel, and George N. Robinson. Atzeroth is charged with lying in wait for Andrew Johnson, with intent to murder him. Michael O'Laughlin, an individual about whom little has heretofore been said, is charged with lying in wait to murder General Grant. Samuel Arnold is charged with combining with Booth and the others to commit the murders, and Mrs. Surratt is charged with conspiring with them, harboring, concealing and assisting them, and helping them to escape from justice. The specifications are very minute, and the fate of the entire party will become apparent as the trial progresses.

Three Views.

To the Editors of the N. Y. Evening Post:

That we may know what dependence hereafter to place in the oracular utterances of the great Cockney Thunderer, let us here quote some of its fulminations at three different periods of the war:

[From the London Times of Nov. 26, 1861.]	[From the London Times of Sept. 14, 1864.]	[From the London Times of April 19, 1865.]
"It is evident on the smallest reflection, that the South, even if united, could never resist for three months the greatly preponderating strength of the North."	"The public will admit that they have not been misguided by our comments. We said that the North could never subdue the South, and the North has now proclaimed the same conclusion."	"The catastrophe seems complete, and in all its accessories calculated to impress people with a feeling that the work is accomplished, and that the civil war is really at an end."

In the beautiful consistency of these prophetic oracles is there not food for an immense laugh?

BABBLE BROOK.

☞ "Dear me," exclaimed a lady, as she looked at the boa constrictor in a show, "why, the skin of the creature is of a regular tartan pattern." "It is, my dear," responded the husband, "and that is what Shakspeare alluded to when he talked about the snake being 'scotched.'"

☞ "Is that sage cheese of a reflective turn?" asked Dr. Spooner of the provision dealer. "No, sir, not a mite," was the reply.

☞ Boarding House Lady—"Do you like meat rare, sir?" New Boarder—"No, madam, I like it three times a day."

☞ Dr. Casin having heard Thomas Fuller repeat some verses on a scolding wife, was so delighted with them as to request a copy. "There's no necessity for that," said Fuller, "as you have got the original."

☞ An instance of filial affection among the Piuty Indians we find in a Nevada paper: Two young "braves," under the assurance of being hanged, propose to give five ponies to the authorities if they will allow their aged fathers to be hung in their place.

☞ The New York Independent breaks ground for female suffrage. It thinks the war has prepared the people to consider this question favorably. The Independent being a religious paper, should begin with the churches, which do not yet allow their women to vote—very few permit them to speak even.

☞ There cannot be a pleasant smile upon the lips of the hopeless. The blow which crushes the life will shatter the smile.

☞ It is more from carelessness about the truth, than from intentional lying, that there is so much falsehood in the world.

☞ They must have a queer idea of education in Turkey. The Sultan has recently chosen for his Minister of Public Instruction a man who cannot read!

☞ The Keene, New Hampshire, Sentinel states that five persons attended the funeral services in honor of Abraham Lincoln, in that town, on the 19th, who attended the funeral services held in the same church, or under the same roof-frame, on the occasion of the death of George Washington, in December, 1799.

☞ Details of colored troops, with intrenching tools, are employed in burying the Union dead who have lain exposed on the battle-fields around Richmond for a year past. Several hundred skeletons were interred near Cold Harbor.

☞ It is semi-officially announced, that during the Queen's visit to Germany this year, the Princess Helen, her third daughter, will be formally contracted in marriage with the Prince Royal of Hanover.

☞ The King of Italy intends to send to the International Exhibition at Dublin a topaz weighing several pounds, and eight or nine inches long, having on it a beautiful engraving of "The Last Supper."

☞ A merchant at San Francisco having the misfortune to lose his wife, invited his clerks to attend her funeral. He afterwards charged each of them for the day as lost time, and made them pay for the carriages. This is an absolute fact.

☞ Heir-guns—designing mammas.

LATEST NEWS.

Jeff Davis and family, Alexander H. Stephens, C. C. Clay, Col. W. [illegible], General Wheeler, and others, arrived at Fortress Monroe on Saturday, on the transport steamer W. H. Clyde, convoyed by the gunboat Tuscarora, Commander J. M. Frailey. The casemates at Fortress Monroe have been arranged to receive prisoners of state, but it is not known whether Davis and party are to remain there or be sent to Washington.

The War Department has issued orders for the immediate mustering out of service of all white troops of the Army of the Potomac whose terms of service expire previous to the 30th of September next.

Gen. Forrest issued an address to his troops on the 9th, counselling them to go home, be good citizens, and use their best exertions to restore peace and order.

The government has recently obtained possession of a large amount of private correspondence of Jeff. Davis, clearly implicating him in the conspiracy to assassinate Mr. Lincoln.

Only eight thousand dollars in specie have yet been discovered among Jeff. Davis' effects, but several boxes have not yet been examined. On the person of Reagan, his Postmaster General, however, there were seized papers showing a large amount of specie shipped for London.

Governor Vance, of North Carolina, arrived at Washington on Saturday under guard, and was committed to the Old Capitol prison.

Dr. Blackburn, the yellow fever man, has entered $8,000 bail in Toronto, C. W.

Chief Justice Chase addressed a large crowd of people at Charleston, S. C., on the 11th.

The London Times hopes that President Johnson will treat the enemy with greater leniency than he now affects. It also says that Booth's end was too good for such a miscreant.

☞ President Lincoln, it is said, after the battle of the Wilderness had been raging some days, betook himself with a friend to the opera, exclaiming, "The people will wonder if they hear of it, but the truth is, I must have a change of some sort or die."

☞ In one of his terrible menaces, Jeff. Davis declared that when all the men of the South were put to death in battle, the women would seize their weapons and beat back the Northern vandals. When captured, the "President" evidently thought that the time had come when the women must maintain Southern chivalry. He would himself lead them in petticoats.

☞ The Burlington (Vt.) Times says that fifty-five thousand (?) deserters, under one of the last proclamations of President Lincoln, have within ten days past emigrated from Canada, reported at Capt. Gleason's office, and returned to the Federal service.

☞ The *famous* Belle Boyd has come to grief in England. She has been turned penniless out of her hotel, and the landlord retained her baggage as security for his bill. She has also parted with all her jewelry, and is in a state of great destitution.

☞ A lady of New York city suggests that Jeff. Davis should be compelled to wear the usual costume of women during the period of his imprisonment. No woman, she declares, could wish him a severer punishment. She adds, that if he were compelled to run in that dress one hour every day, as fast as when he was captured, it would probably be the death of him.

☞ Jeff. Davis was captured disguised as a woman! Jeff. was never a very good-looking man, but it appears his wife's dress made him captivating.

☞ In the Royal Cigar Manufactory there are 5,000 women working in the manufactory, and 5,000 crinolines hung upon hooks; there are also scattered around no less than 2,540 babies.

☞ Boucicault acquired an American copyright in "Arrah na Pogue," by an American friend having written 50 lines of the play in order to make it dangerous to pirate the work in the States.

☞ The *chef de la bouche* at the Tuileries died the other day. The duty of this important official was to taste every article of food before it was brought to the imperial table.

☞ Quilp, talking of a young man whose sire is remarkable for being extremely wise in his own conceit, said—"There, now, goes a promising young fellow. When he has obtained as much experience, he will be as big a fool as his father."

☞ There is trouble among the Mormons. Joe Smith's son disputes Brigham Young's authority as chief priest and ruler.

☞ The Californians are experimenting in cotton. A man in Calveras has twelve acres growing finely.

☞ It is said the prettiest girls in Utah generally marry Young.

☞ Ninety-three large boxes, packed with the papers of the late rebel government, have been despatched from Richmond to Washington.

☞ Robert Lincoln, eldest son of the late President, is about to enter upon the practice of the law, at Chicago.

☞ Gen. Lovell H. Rosseau has been presented as the Administration candidate for Congress in the Louisville (Ky.) District.

☞ "Is that your husband, ma'am?" "He be." "Is that your wife, sir?" "She be." "Ah, that's pleasant; a he bee and she bee can hardly fail to taste the sweets of life in perfection. "Have you any offspring?" "Quite a swarm, sir." "Ah, that makes a difference—but no doubt you love the little hum-bugs."

☞ Motto for life insurance companies—"Never say die."

☞ It is stated as a singular fact that the smaller ladies' bonnets grow, the more they cost.

☞ California pays a million dollars income tax.

☞ Some one calls the modern "tug of war" a gunboat.

☞ "I am attending a lady who is a perfect goddess of beauty," remarked Dr. Snobbs to Dr. Hobbs. "Then," said Hobbs, who is some on repartee, "you are no longer a medico, but a Doctor of Divinity."

☞ Josh Billings says, "God save the phools, and don't let 'em run out, for if twan't for them wise men couldn't get a living."

☞ It is an old saying, that one should get a cage before catching a bird, though we believe birds take their mates before they build their nests, and *then*, together, they make their home.

☞ A man is never so apt to go crooked as when he is in a strait.

☞ A man of genius can no more divest himself of freedom of opinion than of the features of his face.

"NO."

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY EMMA M. JOHNSTON.

"No!" she said, though her voice broke o'er it
As water breaks upon a rude cold stone.
"No!" she said, though she trembled after,
As a bird trembles when its freedom's gone.

"No!" but Love lifted his shining torch
And flashed its light down on her fair young cheek,
Disclosing that which she fain would hide,
Revealing that secret she would not speak.

I had asked her that old, old question,
As old as the years, as new as to-day;
I was patient to hear her answer—
Slow it came through the stillness—only "nay."

No, though her soul stood up with my soul,
And her heart kept its equal pulse with mine,
Though she drank of my love with thirsty lips,
As the fainting drink deep of richest wine,—

She could not go through life by my side;
My path was too rough for her tender feet;
My way lay up under doubtful skies,
And dangers and storms she could never meet.

And thus it came that we parted then,
And I went forth bearing that little "no;"
But in it was wrapt her love confest,
As a rose in a setting of thorns will grow.

And when I heard in the after years
To one of her own degree she was wed,
I smiled in my heart triumphantly—
"And let it be so, oh heart!" I said.

"She said him 'yes,' and she said me 'no;'
He holdeth her hand, while I hold her love;
And now and ever, oh heart, I know
That the answer I keep will the sweetest prove!"

A HAND AND A RING.

About six o'clock one autumn evening, two men pushed their way through the furze bushes which bordered a by-road running from Quidhampton to Harnham. There was not much difference in their outward appearance, yet one was nothing but a woodman, and the other was Squire Winter, the owner of Stockton Park and most of the land near it. They had both been engaged all day in marking trees which were to be cut down to thin the young plantations; and Squire Winter still held in his hand the heavy keen-edged knife, almost as heavy as a hatchet, which he had been using for this purpose. The air had been getting more and more damp for several hours; and just before the time I have mentioned, a light rain began to fall. As he had been walking all day, and was still nearly a mile and a-half from his house, the squire told the woodman to go across to the *Pheasant*, an inn which was about four or five hundred yards distant, and tell the landlord to saddle his horse for him, and he would send a groom back with it the following morning. The squire himself crossed over to another plantation, on the opposite side of the road, to see whether that too wanted thinning. In a few minutes he came out, and walked down to the inn, where he found the landlord waiting for him with the horse ready saddled, and looking with its drooping head and lank ears as if it were keenly alive to the miserable state of the weather.

The squire looked at the animal, and said: "I think I might almost as well walk as ride that seedy-looking animal, Jackson. However, I suppose I can get something like a trot out of him for such a short distance." Of course the landlord said he could, and Squire Winter mounted, and rode off.

We are very apt to say that second thoughts are best, and certainly it would have been well for the squire if on this evening he had given up his idea of riding, as he was tempted to do when he saw the horse that was brought out for him, because in that case he would have been accompanied almost to his house by the woodman, who occupied a lodge at one of the gates opening into the park, and he would, in all probability, have escaped the catastrophe which befel him. The path he took was narrow, and for some distance ran through a hazel-copse. The landlord of the *Pheasant* watched him, till he was hidden by the trees and underwood, and then went indoors. It was too early for him to have customers in his house; indeed, it was not very likely that he would have any at all on such a night; and he sat down by the tap-room fire, and lighted a pipe. He had not been sitting there many minutes when he heard the sound of a horse galloping up to his door. He got up and went out expecting to find somebody there who required refreshment, but to his astonishment, and somewhat to his alarm, he found his own horse standing there without a rider. He was disposed to believe, as he afterwards said, that the squire had got off on reaching his house, and left the animal standing at the door for the groom to come and take it away, and that, finding itself free to go which way it pleased, it had turned round and started off for its own stable. Still he thought it just possible that some accident had happened to the squire, especially when he had passed his hand down the horse's fore-legs, and found that one of the shoulders was bleeding from a gash in it, which might have been caused by a stake in the hedge through which it had forced its way, though it seemed too clean for that. To make sure, he determined to go to the house and inquire; he was certain, if no evil had befallen the squire, that he would be invited to share a good supper with the servants, and would receive a more liberal remuneration for the hire of his horse. After washing the wound with cold water till the bleeding had ceased, he led the animal into the stable, and then put on his hat and walked down the same path which the squire had taken. The rain had left off, but the air was still so dank and heavy, that though the moon was up, the light was not sufficient to enable him to see far before him; and it was not until he was within about a dozen yards of it that he could see that a dark object which lay before him was the body of a man. It lay with its cheek resting on the wet ground; and on stooping over it, he saw, what the dress and appearance had already told him, that it was the body of Squire Winter.

The squire was dead, for the heart had ceased to beat, though the body was still warm beneath the clothes. The labourers' cottages were not far off, and to these he ran for help to carry the body to the house. One of the laborers he sent for the doctor; and with some others he returned to the spot where the body was lying, and putting it on a hurdle, they carried it to the house, and laid it down in the hall, to wait the doctor's arrival, who came in a few minutes afterwards, and drawing aside the clothes, discovered that death had been caused by a bullet which had entered the stomach, and taking an upward course, had lodged in some vital organ.

Fortunately, the squire had no wife to regret his loss, but he had one son, who, the servants said, had gone to Winchester to be present at a pigeon-shooting match. A groom, without waiting for directions from anybody, had ridden off before the doctor had had time to ask any questions; and on inquiring at the barracks, he was told that his master had left that place several hours since, and might have been at Stockton Park before he left it, if he had not called anywhere on his road. It was then so late that the groom determined on remaining in Winchester that night, not doubting, that as he had not met his master on his way there, that gentleman had called at one of the many country-houses which stand between the two places, and would long since have reached home. Starting early the next morning, he might have been back at Stockton Park while the day was still young; but he felt so sure that he would find his master at home, that he took advantage of the state of confusion caused by the old squire's murder to spend some hours with other grooms with whom he was acquainted, so that it was not until three or four o'clock in the afternoon that he made his appearance at Stockton Park. Up to this time, no uneasiness or surprise had been felt at the young squire's absence. His habits were well known to the servants, and they took it for granted that the groom had been unable to find him on the preceding night, and that they would return together in the course of the morning. But now that the groom had returned with the news that their master had left Winchester early the day before, the doctor, who still remained in the house, and exercised authority in directing what was to be done, sent servants and laborers to every place they could think of to search for him.

The young squire, as he was called, to distinguish him from his father, and not because he was really a young man—for he had passed his fortieth year—was not liked by anybody. Neither he nor his father cared about the society of young men; the men of their own age who lived near them were generally married, and Stockton Park was one of those houses to which men do not like to take their wives. Occasionally, men came from the barracks at Winchester or from Portsmouth for two or three days' shooting; but they seldom came a second time. The game was plentiful, but the evenings are long in the autumn; and the bickerings between father and son, which not even the presence of strangers could check, made a visit to the Park so unpleasant, that visitors usually found a pretext for shortening their stay. The conduct of the younger Winter towards his father was so bad, that men who made no pretence of respecting anything because it was good, agreed that he was a snob and a brute, and showed no inclination to cultivate his acquaintance. The whole of that day passed, and nothing was heard of him; but the next morning, the man whose business it was to fetch the letters from the post-office at Salisbury, brought a letter addressed to the deceased squire, which was at once seen to be in the handwriting of his son. Under these circumstances, the doctor considered himself justified in opening it, to see if it contained an address. The post-mark showed it came from London, and the contents gave no further information of the place from whence it was written. To judge from the language, there must have been a more than usually serious quarrel between the late squire and his son, for the latter referred to a blow he had received on the night preceding his visit to Winchester, and went on to say that it was now impossible they could live in the same house; therefore his father was not to be surprised when he found that his account had been drawn upon to the amount of three thousand pounds, which he would soon recover by not having to pay his, the writer's allowance, for he was on the point of starting for the Cape of Good Hope, where he intended to land, and make a journey into the interior of Africa. No address was given where a letter would reach him; and letters which were subsequently addressed to him at the post-office at the Cape, were returned with the endorsement, that no person of the name of Winter had ever called at the post-office for letters, but that it was believed that a Mr. Winter had gone into the interior with a supply of guns and ammunition on a hunting expedition, who had not returned, and of whom nothing had since been heard.

All the efforts made to discover the murderer of Squire Winter were fruitless for several months. It was generally supposed that it was the work of a poacher, a class of men for whom the late squire nourished the deepest abhorrence.

One Saturday evening, a man named Ward was drinking at the *Pheasant* in company with several laborers. He was a big, burly fellow, of a reckless character, and made no secret of his exploits in poaching; indeed, the tales he told of his success in this way had induced many young fellows to follow his example, who would otherwise have, in all probability, led an honest life. On the particular evening referred to, he had drunk more spirits than usual, and had become quarrelsome. At last, provoked by another man equally disposed to quarrel, he drew the barrel of a gun out of a deep pocket in the inside of a velveteen coat he had on, and proceeded to fit it into a stock which he took from another pocket; saying at the same time that he would serve his antagonist as he had served old Winter. Those present got hold of him, and, after a sharp struggle, took away his gun. But the expression he had so imprudently uttered was not forgotten; the villagers talked of it, and at last it reached the ears of one of the justices, who made inquiries, and finding there were so many witnesses to prove the expression, issued a warrant for his apprehension; and after an examination, at which some further evidence was given tending to prove that he was really guilty of the crime he was charged with on his own confession, he was committed to take his trial at the assizes; and here begins my connection with the case.

The brief was in the first instance offered to a friend of mine who went the same circuit; but he being engaged in a heavy civil case, recommended me to undertake the defence of the criminal. It was accordingly given to me by Ward's attorney, who told me of the whole case as I have related it, with the addition, that though his client steadfastly denied his guilt, the case was strongly against him, apart from his well-known character as a poacher, which had already caused his imprisonment on several occasions, and would, of course, tell heavily against him with the jury, all of whom were aware of his reputation. The trial came on in due course. The evidence that he had made use of the expression that he would serve the man he was quarrelling with at the *Pheasant* as he had served old Winter, and that he had accompanied the expression by pulling out a gun, evidently with the intention of shooting him, was proved by so many witnesses, that no efforts of mine to make the jury believe that what he really did say was, "that he would serve him as old Winter had been served," were of any avail. Moreover, to support the statement imputed to him, evidence was given that he had been seen lurking about the wood in which the murdered man was marking the trees on the same afternoon. This, taken with his well-known antecedents, made the case so strong against him, that I should not have been surprised if the jury had returned a verdict of wilful murder; and I obtained some credit from the fact that they took a more merciful view of the case, and only convicted him of manslaughter. The judge, after telling the prisoner that he entirely concurred in the finding of the jury, and that if they had found him guilty of the capital charge, he would have been bound to sentence him to be hanged without holding out a hope of mercy, ordered him to be transported for life.

I had gone the circuit many times, and had had several briefs from the same attorney from whom I had received that for the defence of Ward, so that a kind of intimacy was established between us; and whenever he visited London he came to my chambers, and not unfrequently, when his stay in town did not exceed a day or two, he took up his quarters with me instead of going to a hotel. On one of these occasions he brought some papers relating to an action against Squire Winter for shooting a valuable dog, which had strayed from the road along which its owner was riding into one of the woods belonging to the former. This was the first time I had heard his name mentioned since I had been engaged in defending the murderer of his father. I found that he had not long returned from his African expedition, during which he had been so unfortunate as to lose his left hand from the bursting of a gun. On arriving at Salisbury, I went to my friend, the attorney, who returned my hospitality by giving me accommodation in his house while the assizes lasted in that city. On one of these occasions I required the assistance of one of my friend's clerks in arranging the documents in a case of some intricacy, and it was found necessary to search the parish records for documents. On receiving a message from the clerk, that he had found what was wanted, I went to the vestry to read them. To see if there were any others bearing on the same subject, I continued the search, and among those I opened was a deed referring to an exchange of a piece of land belonging to the parishioners, called the Croft, for another piece nearer the village, and further from Squire Winter's estate. The deed was of old date, and was emblazoned with a singular-looking device, which the clerk no sooner saw than he exclaimed:

"Why, this is the same crest that was on the ring Ellen Jackson showed—"

He stopped himself, and I said:

"The same crest that was on the ring Ellen Jackson showed you, is it?"

After a little hesitation, he answered:

"Yes. The crest was a very curious one, being four arms arranged in a semicircle, the hands grasping daggers, which were pointed upwards."

"Is the Ellen Jackson you referred to the daughter of the landlord of the *Pheasant?* I seem to remember a young woman of that name who gave evidence on Ward's trial."

"Yes," was his answer.

"And did Miss Jackson tell you where she got such an uncommon ring?"

"Yes—no. Well, the fact is, the ring was on a hand. She showed it to me one morning when I called there in passing, when her father was out shooting. This Squire Winter is not such as his father was; he lets Jackson shoot over his estate as much as he pleases."

"The ring was on a hand: I suppose you mean on her hand?"

"No, I don't. It was on a hand as dry and shrivelled as though it were a hundred years old."

"And where did she get this hand from? Is it left lying about where her father's customers can see it?"

He blushed for some reason, as he replied:

"I don't think it is. She took it from a box in her father's bedroom, in which he keeps his papers and other things. I saw it when she was looking for a paper relating to some property left by her aunt, about which she wanted to ask a question, and asked her to let me look at it."

At this moment I dropped upon another paper relating to the matter in hand, and all my attention was given to that, so that I asked no more questions at the time. But in the course of the evening, when my friend and I were smoking our cigars, in the absence of any more interesting subject to talk about, I said:

"Your clerk tells me that Jackson, the landlord of the *Pheasant*, has got a ring with the peculiar crest of the Winters on it. Where do you suppose he got it from?"

"Heaven knows! Stole it from old Winter's finger, perhaps; or possibly the present squire may have given it to him: I hear they are remarkably intimate."

"But neither of those hypotheses accounts for it being on a hand severed from the body."

"Severed from the body! That is singular, certainly. Why, Winter has lost one hand. Surely he would not have brought his hand all the way from Africa to make a publican a present of it."

"Not very likely, I should say."

After some further observations had been exchanged on the singularity of the circumstances, the conversation turned on matters in which we were more immediately interested.

I had had a hard day's work in court on Saturday, and feeling a little fatigued, instead of going to church the next morning, I went round by the cathedral to Harnham, and from thence I wandered along a road which brought me to a public house. On looking up at the sign-board, I saw that it was the *Pheasant*. The day was a hot one, and the sign reminded me that there was a bridle-road which led through the wood in which poor old Winter had been murdered. I was warm, and getting tired, and thinking that a rest among the hazel-wood would be pleasant, I turned into the path, and at the first opening I came to (which happened to be quite close to a stone cross, so covered with a species of moss, that I had some difficulty in making out that the inscription on it stated that this was the spot where the squire's body had been found), I turned out of it, again, and found myself in a small open space. Here I lay down, with my face turned towards the bright blue sky, and watched the curious forms which the light clouds assumed as they followed each other across the confined space which comprised my field of view. Presently, I fancied that my back was getting cold, and that this might be caused by the dampness of the ground on which I was lying. I got up, and pegged away with the heel of my boot to break through the grass to ascertain if the ground beneath was damp. I tried two or three places, and the last time it struck against the butt of a pistol, causing the muzzle to turn upwards. I picked it up, and wiped the dirt off with some grass. The barrel was very rusty; but there was a small plate of silver behind the hammer, which I soon rubbed clean enough to see that it was engraved, and a little additional friction enabled me to perceive that it was with the peculiar crest of the Winters. To a man of my profession, the vicinity of the spot where Winter had been murdered naturally suggested that this pistol was the weapon by which the crime had been perpetrated. One idea followed another, until I was led to connect together the murder, the hand and ring possessed by Jackson, the hand lost by the present owner of Stockton Park, and the intimacy between the two men, so unusual between persons of such different grades. I walked to the stone cross while these things were passing through my mind, and leaning on it, I pondered over each idea as it occurred to me, linking one with the other, till I believed I had arrived at a clear comprehension of the whole affair.

At first, I thought I would consult my friend the attorney before I did anything in the matter; but on second thoughts, I determined on striking a blow while I was on the spot, and had some leisure. The door of the *Pheasant* was shut, as a sort of compliment of the day, I suppose, certainly not to keep out customers. I remembered the man directly I walked in and saw the landlord. He was in the act of cleaning his gun, and without waiting to be questioned, I said:

"Are you aware, Mr. Jackson, of the penalty to which an accessory to a murder, either before or after the fact, is liable?"

He stared, and seemed quite stupified by the question. I kept my eyes fixed steadfastly upon him, and at last he stammered out:

"What do you ask me such a question for?"

"You don't remember me, perhaps. I defended poor Ward, who had such a narrow escape of being hanged, through your not telling the truth at the trial."

I could see that he was tempted to deny what I said, but the positive tone in which I spoke puzzled him so much, that after a brief attempt at consideration, he seemed to conclude that I had got my information from Winter, for he said:

"I suppose Squire Winter is a friend of yours, and he has got you to come and try to frighten me off."

I told him it was not so, and urged him to make such a statement as would enable me to get Ward released; in which case I promised he should be dealt with as leniently as possible, otherwise I would have taken him into custody at once as a party concerned. Intimidated by my threats, and not knowing how far I might be able to carry them into execution, but probably imagining the worst from what I said with respect to the hand and ring in his possession, he at last consented to tell me all about it.

"The evening the old squire was murdered, Stephen Quain, the woodman, came across from the plantation yonder, and told me the squire wanted my horse to ride home. I got it ready as fast as I could, and brought him round. Two or three minutes afterwards the squire came up. He didn't much like the look of the beast, and said so; but he was a very good horse for all that, only he didn't get as much rubbing as the squire's own horses did. However, he got on him, and rode off down the bridle-road through the hazel-copse. I was sitting by the fire smoking my pipe; and I remember I was wondering whether he would catch sight of Ward, who had been up here about an hour before, and went away soon after I told him that the squire was close by marking the trees. Presently I heard a horse gallop up to the door, and went out to see if one of the grooms had brought mine back. I found it was my horse, but there was nobody on his back. I wondered what had happened, and guessed that the squire had got off and gone indoors, thinking the horse would stand there till a groom came round to ride him up here, and that the horse had trotted off, and found his way home. I rubbed my hand down his legs to see if he had run against anything; and when I touched his off-shoulder, he started away; and at the same time, I felt that my hand was wet. I looked at it, and it was just light enough to see that my hand was bloody, and that the horse's shoulder had been cut. I took hold of the bridle to lead him into the stable, and found there was something dangling from the ring of the bit and the cheek-strap; and it gave me a turn when I saw it was a man's hand, cut off clean at the wrist. I unfastened the fingers, and carried it with me into the stable, and put it in the corn-bin, while I went to get a lantern. As soon as I took it out again and held it to the light, I knew it was the young squire's by the ring that was on one of the fingers. I was a good bit frightened; but I thought it was best to say nothing about it then, so I hid the hand under the thatch, and went down to the house to see what had happened. As I was going through the hazel-copse, I saw something dark lying in the path. What we call the hunter's moon was pretty near the full; but it was such a hazy night, that I could but just make out the face; and instead of being the young squire, as I thought it must be, I found it was the squire himself." [It is not necessary to repeat what I have already said of what he did be did on making the discovery.] "I didn't tell anybody what I knew; but if Ward had been sentenced to be hanged, I should have done so. When his trial came on, and he was only to be transported for life, I thought to myself that I was a very poor man, and had got a large family to keep, and that he would have been sure to be transported some time or other, for he wouldn't have minded shooting a keeper a bit; so I determined to keep the hand with the ring on the finger just as it was; and when the new squire came home, I would make him pay me to keep quiet.

"It was the right hand—for the squire is left-handed—and he always wore the ring on his fore-finger. The next morning, as soon as it was light, I went down to the place where I found the body the night before, and among the roots of one of the hazels, I found the pistol you have got there. I looked round to see if anybody was near, but there was nobody to see me, so I went behind the bushes, and dug out a turf, and buried the pistol underneath, and then put the turf down over it, so that nobody could see it had been touched." Here, as if seized with a sudden impulse, he exclaimed: "And by the Lord Harry, I'll have it back again!" He had been holding the gun he was cleaning in his hand all the time he had been telling what I have related; and as he uttered this exclamation, he jumped up, and holding the gun by the barrel, made a blow at me with the stock. The attack was so sudden and unexpected, that if my movement had not been as quick as my eye, I should probably have received the blow on my head, as he undoubtedly intended I should. Luckily I dodged it, and the gun came down on the back of the chair, smashing the back of the chair, and breaking the stock off from the barrel. Before he had time to recover himself to repeat the blow, I knocked him down and beat him about the head with the metal-butt of the pistol until he was incapable of doing more harm. When I had done this, I was puzzled what next to do, for I did not like to leave him there bleeding; and there was nobody in the house to attend to him if I went away, his daughter and her brothers having, as I was told afterwards, gone to the cathedral at Salisbury, in the hope of seeing the judge there. I went to the well, and drew up a pail of water; and soaking my handkerchief in it, I went back and bound it round his head, and then started for the town as fast as I could go, calling, as I went to my friend's house, at a surgeon's, where I left word that his services were wanted at the *Pheasant*. My friend's residence was beyond the city, and when I got there, I found that he had gone to Laverstock, but was expected home to dinner. I had decided that I would tell him what had happened before I gave notice to the authorities. I knew that there was no chance of Jackson making his escape; and I did not imagine that he was in a condition to give any instructions to anybody to go to Squire Winters with an account of what had passed. Hour after hour went by, and my friend did not come home. I dined alone; and about eleven o'clock he returned, apologizing for his absence from his dinner-table, by saying that he had found an old school-fellow staying with his friend, whom he had not seen for several years. Late as it was, I told him of the discovery I had made; but he thought as it was then so late, and we should be sure of finding Jackson the next day, that the matter might very well stand over until then. I did not quite approve of his advice, but I suffered myself to be persuaded. The next morning we went down to the court-house earlier than usual, and constables were despatched to apprehend Winter, and Jackson, also, if he was in a condition to be moved. The latter was found in bed at his house, but the former was not discoverable anywhere. None of the servants knew where he had gone to; all they could say was, that he had gone out on the Sunday afternoon as usual, and had not returned. What had become of him, was never ascertained. As for Jackson, he was recovering fast from his wounds; but erysipelas attacked him, and in a short time he had gone where the justice of man could not reach him. Ward's release was obtained on a representation of the case in the proper quarter; but whether he availed himself of his right to gratuitous passage to this country, or preferred remaining where he was, I am unable to say.

ONE NIGHT.

Our boat had left the shadowed whirls
Below the black coast rocks,
Where foamy fingers, wreathing pearls,
Hung jewels o'er your locks.
The golden-netted midnight skies
Rained splendors round our way:
And, gazing in your orient eyes,
The dark was drownéd in day.

Oh, Alice, are you happier
Than in that early time?
Do Northern memories never stir
Your languid Southern clime?
The same blue tide that rocked our boat
Swells up your vine-wreathed bay—
What voice is in its midnight rote
That mocks its glee by day?

Last night the large stars burned and shook,
And from the young moon's bow
A shower of silver arrows broke
Upon the wave below.
It seemed that long, lost, golden night
So many years away—
Ah me, that skies should hold their light,
And Faith's pure star decay!

KATE PUTNAM.

☞ A Sheriff was once asked to execute a writ against a Quaker. On arriving at his house he saw the Quaker's wife, who, in reply to the inquiry whether her husband was at home, said he was, at the same time requested him to be seated, and her husband would speedily see him. The officer waited patiently for some time when the fair Quakeress coming into the room he reminded her of her promise that he might see her husband. "Nay, friend; I promised that he would see thee. He has seen thee! He did not like thy looks; therefore he avoided thee, and hath departed from the house by another path."

☞ "Why, Bridget," said a lady who wished to rally her servant girl, for the amusement of company, upon the fantastic ornamenting of a huge pie, "did you do this? You're quite an artist. Pray, how did you do it?" "Indade, mum, it was myself that did it," replied Bridget. "Isn't it pretty? I did it with your old false teeth, mum."

☞ "Ah," said old Mrs. Rosenbury, "larning is a great thing; I've often felt the need of it. Why, would you believe it, I am now sixty years old, and only know the names of three months in the year, and them's Spring, Fall and Autumn. I larnt the names of them when I was a little bit of a gal."

☞ A gentleman who was fond of wine said it had two bad qualities. "If I put water to it," said he, "it spoils it, and if I don't, it spoils me."

☞ A smatterer in everything is generally good for nothing.

LOST!

I hear it in the dark and silent night,
Borne on the boundless wind, that one word, Lost!
Like the despairing cry of some poor soul
Whose helmless bark, shipwrecked and tempest-tost,
Floats on to where the angry breakers roar,
And dash against the beetling crags which stand
Like hoary giants, and along the shore
The cruel rocks reach out beyond the land.

It comes to me from regions where the wind
Blows keen o'er trackless fields of ice and snow,
Where the Aurora beams upon the night,
The long, long winter night, which passes slow
Into the long, long day; and towering high,
The toppling icebergs lift their jagged forms,
Swaying against each other; and the sky
Is pregnant with the weight of Polar storms.

It comes to me from off the desert's waste,
Where the dry sands, hot with the sun's fierce rays,
Stretch on and on through weary miles away;
The vulture on the prostrate camel preys;
The stolid sphinx looms hideous and tall;
In vain the eye searches for sign of bloom;
Down to the ground the cowering Arabs fall,
And o'er them sweeps the deadly, dread simoom.

It comes to me upon the raging storm,
The thunder utters it from out the cloud;
I see through half-shut eyes the fated ship,
And hear the angry breakers roaring loud;
I see mute hands uplifted to the skies,
And on the rocks the struggling ship is tost;
I hear amid the crash heart-piercing cries,
And wind and waves together answer Lost!

I hear it as I walk the city's streets
From haunts of vice where Satan holds his reign;
On strains of wild, delirious music borne,
In whose mad tones there sounds a wail of pain.
I see it stamped on faces in the crowd
In characters which all may read aright;
Sure as the sunset lining on the cloud
Foretells the certain coming of the night.

Oh, swelling heart which throbs within my breast,
What hast thou lost from out thine early years?
Why dost thou grieve when others are so gay—
What mean these pent up floods of bitter tears?
And in low tones the sad heart makes reply:
"I once held hopes I prized above all cost;
They were my treasures in the years gone by,
I grieve because I know that these are lost!"

The Sacrifice Completed.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ORADON.

As the leaves which have been wafted from my Sybilline cave have been few and far between, I shall give a brief synopsis of what they have contained, in order that this, the last of the series, may be understood by every reader. Diedrick Meerschaum and I have been wont to spend our evenings together in my apartment, he engaged in consuming Lynchburg and I in delivering sententious lectures on various themes. Some of these have appeared in these columns—others have passed away into midether and are forever lost. Up to within a few months "all went merry as a marriage bell," when, as I have related in an article entitled "Diedrick a Victim," my handsome friend mortgaged himself for life, and now his fair creditor is about to take the step which shall make him hers body and soul to all eternity. The last glimpse of him in his bachelor career, was on the glib plane of a skating pond. Behold him now before the altar.

Even hard-hearted ascetics like myself soften a little when the "delicate-handed priest" pronounced the blessing upon the newly married couple, and the organ peals forth the sublime March of Mendelssohn. The marriage is the reward of months of devotion. It is the goal of courtship, and, perhaps, (see Gail Hamilton) the grave of love. This is the recompense for hours of valuable time spent in profitless *tete-a-tete* interviews, for a small fortune laid out in opera tickets, refreshments, carriage hire, and presents. Truly, procrastination of weddings is the thief not only of time, but also of that article of personal outfit which honest Iago calls "trash." So be it. Forget, dear reader, that I ever adored May Thorne—as I have forgotten that she never loved me—and accompany me to the church of St. Hymen where the espousals took place.

I had a conflict with myself before I could determine to assist on this occasion. I set the pros. and the cons. down on paper, counted them, and found that the pros. were in the majority. So I went. I had previously positively refused to act as groomsman, for such a sacrifice of principles was not to be for a moment contemplated.

The church was well filled when I entered with the promiscuous audience, which is always on attendance at a public wedding. I seated myself in a pew near the door, and patiently awaited the ceremony. The rumble of wheels announced the approach of the actors in the matrimonial drama, and presently the organ breathed forth the superb chorus of the "Wedding March," and the procession moved up the aisle to the altar, where the priest stood, book in hand, smiling benignantly. I leaned against a stone pillar and calmly watched the progress of events. Diedrick was handsomer than usual, for a slight flush on his cheeks relieved the usual uniformity of his complexion. As for the bride! Silk, gauze, diamonds, faultless features, tempting lips, superb figure, soul melting eyes, all went to form her unsurpassed charms. What pen can do justice to a lovely woman in bridal attire as she stands on her bridal morn before the altar? Then there were bridesmaids—four blooming candidates for matrimony—attended by four sleek, pomatumed, dress coated, white necktied, kid gloved, sprigs of fashion, authorities on champagne, masters in the "German," and proficients in the art of flirtation. For a few minutes there was a buzz of admiration throughout the sacred edifice, and hundreds of eyes dissected the toilettes of the bridal party, and Miss Sarah Microscope carefully noted down the number of frills, bows, and stitches in each dress. Such is life.

The ceremony was soon over, and was listened to with indifference by the audience. Those who come to analyze toilettes, pay but little reverence to the solemnity of such an occasion. The bride's answers came faintly, yet clearly, stealing along the perfumed air, whilst Diedrick's "I will" broke forth in a strong, hearty utterance, as if it came from the soul of one who had too much manliness to tremble like an aspen leaf because he was the cynosure of many eyes. Is it not strange that gallant soldiers, who have fearlessly faced death—orators, on whose words whole multitudes hang entranced—lawyers, who conduct causes involving the greatest responsibility with a calm demeanor—and surgeons, who with steady nerve make strokes with the knife, which shall save or destroy life—almost all stammer, hesitate, and behave like silly schoolboys when they take part in such a simple matter as the wedding ceremony? Diedrick, however, stood firm as a rock.

The last prayer being said, and the kissing commenced, the organist resumed the strains of Mendelssohn. At first the chords burst forth in stately grandeur, foreshadowing the solemnity of the obligation which the married pair have taken upon themselves. And as the separate chords are woven into each other so are their lives to be blended into perfect harmony. But the rhythm changes: and light and joyous notes succeed the impressive prelude. Married life is to have its joys, as well as its responsibilities, its sunlight as well as its shade. Great composer, we thank thee for the lesson that thy Mid-summer Night Overture has taught us. For Diedrick and his bride may all be *allegro!* Such were my thoughts as I leaned against the hard pillar of stone, and saw my friend and his beautiful wife move slowly down the aisle, surrounded by a crowd of congratulating friends. And, must I confess it? feelings of regret mingled with my wishes of happiness for the pair; and like unto a dream longforgotten, the events of that evening, when I escorted through the ball-room of the Watering Place the gentle girl who now hung so lovingly on my friend's arm, passed slowly in review before me. A voice behind me, broke the spell:

"Poor Oradon!" it said.

I turned, and there beheld Enrica; plainly but exquisitely dressed, the simplicity of her attire affording a pleasant contrast to the butterfly costumes around me. If May Thorne was beautiful, Enrica was more so; a thought, long dwelling in my mind, in that moment reached maturity. Diedrick had won May, I must bear off Enrica.

"Why do I need your sympathy, my fair friend?"

She pointed to May and her husband, and said—

"There lay your shipwrecked hopes."

I shook my head, and looking down into her eyes, murmured—

"Oh, she
To me myself for some three careless moons
The summer pilot of an empty heart
Unto the shores of nothing! Know you not
Such touches are but embassies of love,
To tamper with the feelings, ere he found
Empire for life?"

She looked incredulous, and gazed at me more intently than was her custom, as if to read my inmost thoughts. I am conscious that I bore the scrutiny well. Our conversation was interrupted by the near approach of the wedding party, and we pressed forward to offer our congratulations. This being over, we slowly walked from the church through the crowded street, homeward—to her home. Of course I could but walk in. I stayed a half hour. What I said and what she said it matters not to tell, but the next day I purchased a ring—not for my own finger.

And now, dear reader, let me bid you a kind farewell. I sit this afternoon by the same window where Diedrick and I have often sat in days gone by, and as I write these, my parting lines, I sigh to think that old associations are broken not to be re-joined, and although I seem to hear in far distance the peal of the marriage bell, and am conscious that a new and beautiful phase of life is opening to me, I cannot but regret that the halcyon days of youth are flitting past, and that the blossoms of spring are giving place to the maturing fruit of summer. May your lives be fanned by no stronger blast than the gentle zephyrs which come to me on this May day ladened with the perfume of violets! May some one of you have found in these sketches "thoughts which he (or she) has cherished long;" if so, Oradon has not written in vain.

THE EXTRA TICKET.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH,
FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MISS ANNA H. PHILLIPS.

When the opera of the "Prophet" was first brought out in Paris, about seven years ago, so great was the demand for seats that tickets were resold at a most extravagant premium. One night a young military officer, who had just made an unsuccessful application for a ticket at the box-office, and was about to fall back in despair, was dexterously lightened of his watch by a pickpocket. Detecting the thief before he had time to escape, he recovered the stolen timepiece without the interposition of a policeman. Then taking the culprit to one side he entered into conversation with him.

"You are an expert in your profession," said he, "and I now wish to avail myself of all your skill."

"Monsieur le capitaine may command me to the utmost of my abilities," replied the sharper.

"Then," whispered the officer, "go you immediately and relieve some gentleman of his opera ticket, and I will pay you one hundred francs for it. No hesitation! be quick! the money is ready."

"It shall be done!" was the business-like answer.

In three minutes the adroit rascal returned with an elegant card-case containing four opera tickets, together with a number of cards having the name of M'lle SOLANGE DUDEVANT engraved upon them.

"Wretch!" exclaimed the captain, "you have been robbing a lady!"

"Not I, sir!" replied the sharper. "*There* is my unfortunate victim," he continued, pointing to a rosy cheeked young gentleman in a black dress-coat, black tights, white vest with plain flat gilt buttons, and white kid gloves, who was engaged in an animated conversation with a couple of young ladies just within the vestibule.

"Dolt!" exclaimed the captain. "That is a lady dressed *en cavalier;* it is M'lle Solange Dudevant herself! Return the articles immediately."

"Monsieur is right!" said the pickpocket. "No one but a brute would knowingly rob a lady, especially when that lady is the daughter of George Sand, whom we all love so well. Excuse me, monsieur; I will yet procure you a ticket."

In an instant the sharper placed himself before M'lle Solange, with a profound bow.

"Begging mademoiselle's pardon," he said, "she has had the misfortune to drop her card-case."

"Thank you kindly," replied Solange, taking the card-case into her hand. "Allow me to reward you for returning it."

"As to that, mademoiselle, permit me humbly to suggest that you have four tickets in your case, whereas your party consists of only three persons."

"You then would like to have the extra ticket."

"Exactly so, mademoiselle."

"You are quite welcome to it."

The sharper took the ticket to the young officer, who, having noticed the manner in which it was obtained, did not hesitate to receive it and pay him the promised hundred francs.

On taking his seat in the opera-house, the captain found himself elbow to elbow with M'lle Dudevant, with whom he was well acquainted. He frankly explained to her the equivocal process by which he procured his ticket, and the lady laughed heartily at the trick of which she had been the unconscious victim.

THEO LEIGH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DENIS DONNE," &c.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE CALDWELLS' DINNER PARTY.

Lady Glaskill did not get up to breakfast on the following morning. It took some time to put her together, she being a composite structure, and Hall was averse to early rising. Consequently the little bit that was real of Lady Glaskill remained in bed till a late hour; and Kate was left to think calmly over what she could do with it.

It was with a wonderful sense of relief that Mrs. Galton got out of the house, and went along the road to meet her husband. Lady Glaskill's leers, and Lady Glaskill's loose stories (these latter were always given in French, being absolutely untranslatable), and Lady Glaskill's allusions—all these had been very terrible to Mrs. Galton the night before. In her own thoughtless girlhood she had heard them often, and thought nothing of them, or rather had only accredited her aunt with a certain vivacious daring of a pardonable nature for telling them at all. Now had they occurred to her as offensive when she last met Lady Glaskill in town; for Lady Glaskill was only one of many there, and passed comparatively unnoticed in the crowd. But here there was no crowd. Lady Glaskill would be a prominent feature in the social landscape.

Mrs. John Galton's cheeks burnt as she walked along. She could not forget that at one time she had thought and uttered fine things of her aunt; she could not forget that she had hoped and even essayed to emulate her. Her ladyship's saloons had been regarded by Kate as desirable dazzling halls of delight in which to display herself; and now the truth struck her that the glitter and the brilliancy had been of a Brummagen order. Lady Glaskill had always avowed that she cared for nothing more so long as the "best men congregated at her house." Undoubtedly, however it might have been about the men, the best women never passed her portals. Those who had done so had come and gone like fleeting shadows, leaving no mark upon others who met them casually. But Kate's memory, reproduced them as they had been, and she felt that they had not been fitting in all respects. And she shook her head sadly over the impossibility of mentioning any one of them with pride and satisfaction.

She met her husband about the place and time he had mentioned; and such a feeling of security, such a sense of safety, came over her as she caught sight of his florid, open, honest face; she almost sprang into the trap as she pulled up to greet her; and her hand went out eagerly, and clasped the one of his that was engaged with the reins.

"Take care you don't give him a chuck, my dear," he said, as the horse threw up his head.

"No, I won't," she replied, removing her hand; "but I'm so glad to see you, I hardly know how to express it; I have such a piece of news for you."

Her tone was the tone of weariness and annoyance. Lady Glaskill, and her conversation and her boxes, weighed heavily on Kate's mind.

"There's nothing the matter with the child?" he asked eagerly, with a paling face and a gulp of agitation.

"No, she's quite well, it's—"

"Is it that bay colt, then?"

"No, John, no; everything is right at home, dear; but Lady Glaskill has come down. What *are* we to do?"

"Come down, has she?"

"Yes; what are we to do?"

"Make her as comfortable as we can. What has brought her?"

Then Kate poured out the whole story, and trimmed it with the tale of her own discomfiture.

"I see her exactly as what she is, and I am heartily ashamed of her," Mrs. Galton wound up with. "She must have altered immensely; she surely used not to be such a burlesque of old age as she is now."

Then Mrs. Galton remembered some of the speeches she had been wont to make, during the years of her married life, relative to the social power and social charm, and social success of her aunt, Lady Glaskill. She remembered how only last year she had declared that Lady Glaskill's countenance in years to come would be a fine thing for little Katie. She remembered all these things now, and wondered whether her husband remembered them too, and would tell her of them.

But John Galton was made of very different stuff. It never came into his big, generous mind to recall a foolish speech for the sake of confusing and discomfiting the utterer of it; more especially when, as in this case, the utterer of the folly was very dear to him. He did remember those speeches, but he only felt that it was a very happy thing that his wife had got over the habit of thought which dictated them. He never for an instant thought of raking them up and reminding her of them to her present abasement. Which course of conduct on his part made her feel the full force of her folly far more than any taunts or sneering allusions could have done. It did something else also; it made her heart throb in proud acknowledgment of the nobleness, the manliness, the great loving trustfulness of her husband.

John Galton made no immediate answer to that remark of his wife's, that her aunt could not formerly have been such a "burlesque of old age as she was now." At last he said, looking at her very kindly:

"You must remember her age, even if she forgets it, Kate dear; don't let her see that she's not welcome to you."

"I could bear it for myself, but she'll be such a bore to you, John; it's evidently her present intention to remain with us till she is tired of it; and she does not tire in a hurry of good quarters."

"You have stood being bored very often for me and through me," he replied heartily, pulling up at the door. "Come, let us make the best of it," he continued, lifting her out of the trap, and following her into the house; "let us make the best of it, and a fresh compact; whenever I feel bored I'll come to you for rest; and you'll do the same by me, won't you, Kate?"

"Ah! that I will," she said, in a low voice; and he felt in that moment that the heart of his wife was entirely his own.

"All right," he cried aloud; "we'll bear Lady Glaskill together very well, I have no doubt. I have brought you home half-a-dozen snipes and a brace of mallard, Kate."

"We will send the snipes up to the Caldwells at once," she said, laughing; "they'll accept them perhaps as a set-off against Lady Glaskill."

Then Katie came to them with a pitiful tale of one of the Persian cats out on parole having scratched the terrier puppy "on his little soft nose;" and so the time passed till luncheon was ready.

Lady Glaskill was rebuilt and ready for luncheon when Kate at last went into her room to see after her. She was at her usual shrine, surveying herself with a ghastly satisfaction, when Kate entered the room, but the hour being early there were no bare shoulders.

"My husband is come home: will you come down to luncheon, aunt?" Kate commenced.

Lady Glaskill rose up and patted Kate on the cheek with a weird finger.

"You have been using bad powder, child; you have made your skin quite coarse," she said, as Kate drew her face quickly away from the caress; "I have some that's excellent, 'imperceptible efflorescence;' I will give you a little."

"I shall never use another grain, thank you," Kate replied, tartly. Innocent powder began to assume a hideous aspect in her eyes, now that she saw it lying in furrows on Lady Glaskill's cheeks.

"Highty tighty!" Lady Glaskill cried, causing her garments to sweep and surge about her in a way that partially concealed her hobbling gait. "Highty tighty! how virtuous we're become, to besure."

John Galton was waiting for them at the bottom of the stairs.

"How dy'e do? Take my arm, Lady Glaskill, you'll get along quicker," he said kindly to his guest, giving his wife's hand a squeeze as she passed him. On which invitation Lady Glaskill put her hand on his arm with a little pat, and tried to trip by his side, and nearly tumbled in the attempt.

"And what are we going to do to-night?" Lady Glaskill asked, when she had made a very good luncheon, and had all her pets brought in in procession and fed before her. "What are we going to do to-night? Is that very strange person who was here in a poke bonnet yesterday coming again?"

"We are going out to dinner to-day," Kate replied, hurriedly. "I am sorry it should have happened so, but you must excuse us; dinner-parties in the country are made up a long time beforehand, you know."

"Oh! my dear, don't apologize," Lady Glaskill replied, affably. "I shall be enchanted to join your rustic revels."

"It's not a rustic revel," Kate replied, in a vexed tone, while John Galton suffered from suppressed laughter just out of range of Lady Glaskill's vision, "it's rather a heavy affair,—a state dinner at a clergyman's house. You wouldn't care to go to it."

Lady Glaskill nodded her head with a half-hilarious, half-involuntary motion:

"My dear, the manners of such people will amuse me much."

A cold horror crept over Kate. She pictured her aunt feeling and betraying "amusement" at the "manners" of the best that the neighborhood held. They were sure to be such orthodox, well-bred, coldly correct, unassailable-in-every-way people, who would assemble at the Caldwells'. The Caldwells themselves were all these things. They were all "country people," or, at the least, they were all connected with country people; and when they went to London, right people—people who had local habitations and names, assembled about them. Whereas the majority of the frequenters of Lady Glaskill's saloons had had neither worth mentioning. The Caldwell dinner might be dull; it was almost sure to be so, in fact; but it would be a thing to be mentioned with safety; and Kate was beginning to yearn towards all things in the naming of which there was no danger.

"You surely will like to stay at home and rest to night, aunt," Kate pleaded.

"My dear! at my age! Time enough to talk of resting after a railway journey when I'm many years older."

"Then don't you think it would be pleasanter to be introduced to all these people at our house first? We'll have a dinner directly; won't we, John?"

But Lady Glaskill would not hear of this plan. She would go with them "to their nice, quiet party," she said, wafting out of the room airily on Hall's arm; and so Kate was fain to give up the contest.

"I'd do anything almost to prevent her going up with us to-night, John," Mrs. Galton said in a vexed tone as soon as they were alone.

"Never mind, she's a woman of the world, and is used to swells," he replied.

"But not to respectable swells, that's a fact."

"She has always been in good society."

"All *surface* society, and she has tossed about on the top of it; the people she knew in London came in and went out, and made no more account of her than they did of her door-mat. I see it all now. And when the London season is over, she hunts about from one spa or one watering-place to another, and just circulates amongst the riff-raff. However, there is nothing for it."

Kate was right in this, at least. There was nothing for it; for Lady Glaskill had a desire to extend her experience, and glean some notion of what good, solid, first-class country society was. Her view was right; she never had been in it. It would be as much a strange land to her as the dubious soil she had stood upon all her life would have been to the Caldwells and others of that ilk.

Hall had a busy afternoon; but by seven o'clock, the hour at which they were to start from the Grange, Lady Glaskill was completed. The pink silk skirt puffed with tulle looked very young, certainly; but that—in consequence of the large opera cloak Lady Glaskill had over her shoulders, and the wide hood enveloping her head—was the worst Kate saw till they reached the Caldwells'.

But when they reached the rectory, and Mrs. Caldwell's maid came forward to rid them of their wraps, Lady Glaskill stood confessed before her niece a terror and a shame.

Such old women are seen sometimes in some London drawing-rooms—old women with lemon-colored bare necks, and roses on their withered brows; but they pass away from the mind as does some hideously vivid dream; it shocks us, but it is gone. They sit mumbling to themselves or to their duplicates in corners, or they shake their fans bewitchingly at men young enough to be their grandsons; and they go away and are not missed. But in the country such a spectacle is rare, and is much talked about and commented on in the absence of better conversational matter.

Lady Glaskill's dress left off far from her shoulders, and her blooming face and golden hair commanded immediate attention to her and all that concerned her, the instant she entered. There were several stately ladies present—ladies in black velvet, in ruby velvet, and decorous lace that mounted to their chins; lace of price, lace from rare looms, lace to which the heart of Mrs. Bury Palliser—matchless historian of the fabric!—would have certainly inclined. And over and upon their velvets and laces, diamonds flashed—diamonds that might not have been worth a prince's ransom (unless he were a very small prince,) but that were of worth nevertheless. Yet the instant the shaking figure that Hall had erected in the course of the afternoon came into the room, the velvets and laces and diamonds of price were absolutely overlooked, and the common gaze was concentrated on Lady Glaskill.

Things were always done well at the Caldwells'. There was no need on the occasion of extra festivity in their house to seek extraneous assistance. There was no halting on the part of the dinner between the kitchen and the dining-room. All things were done decently and in order there, and punctuality was as well regarded as any of the other virtues. The Caldwell arrangements were always well conceived and well carried out; and if the admirable rotation in which one wine succeeded another at his table was owing to the Rev. Robert supervising the bottles pretty sharply, and spending a happy hour in his cellar before the guests came, who was the wiser for it? Or, if any one was the wiser, did that detract from the merit of the wines? Things were always well done at the Caldwells. Whatever the effort, there was never the least appearance of it, or the smallest possible flaw in the apparently perfect arrangements.

But to-day these arrangements received a shock. Lady Glaskill's appearance was as the bursting of a bombshell among them. When Kate found that her aunt's resolve was unalterable, she had sent up to the rectory to announce the unexpected advent, and request permission to bring it? Of course this permission was granted. But equally of course did the granters quake to their foundation when the result of that permission ambled into the room.

Her appearance was as the bursting of a bombshell among them; but, for all that, she was the widow of a baronet, and entitled to receive consideration as such. There were present two Honorable Mrs. Somethings, but they were young though honorable matrons; and Lady Glaskill was the widow of a baronet and very aged, despite that rich bloom and those golden tresses. Mr. Caldwell was placed on the horns of a dilemma; but he was a gentleman; so, though his soul revolted when those horns pulled him into action, he offered his arm to the rickety skeleton in pink silk.

Lady Glaskill got on very well, that is to say, very quietly, during dinner; so quietly that Kate was beginning to hope that, for this evening at least, her aunt was going to evade all opportunities of distinguishing herself. Bounded, as Lady Glaskill was, on the one side by her host, and on the other by a young man who officiated as Mr. Caldwell's curate, she was kept in place—kept down in a measure. Mr. Caldwell took care to honor himself by honoring all who sat at his table. But he honored them after their kind. So now, when he had see that Lady Glaskill's material wants were well supplied, he left the charge of her mental refection to his curate.

On the whole, this curate catered for her very well and very willingly. He talked London to the old worldling, and the old worldling, detecting on the instant that he knew little or nothing practically of that of which he talked, delighted in him forthwith to an amazing extent. He, too, in common with the rest of mankind, had his hopes and ambitions. There hovered before his mental vision a velvet-cushioned shrine, yclept "pulpit" in the vulgar tongue, of which he should be the presiding deity. And before this shrine, ladies, chiefly of the old and wealthy class, should congregate largely; and he should show them safe and pleasant paths to Paradise, and they should hang upon his words, and make him handsome presents, not of the worsted-work slippers and cheap flower-basket order, but presents of a rich, enduring, substantial, expensive nature, worthy of the acceptance of a son of the Church. This was his vision of the future, when he should have shaken off the trammels that were upon him here as Mr. Caldwell's curate. This was his vision of the future, and Lady Glaskill was like a little bit of it let into the present for his encouragement—for she was evidently wicked enough and worldly enough to fire any man of his stamp with the desire to save her soul—and he took the wealth for granted, unwisely.

He was a young man, and an earnest one. Ready for any amount of work, no matter how uncongenial, provided it would put him up another round or so on the ladder he was mounting. Young and earnest and fair, with a pale early crop of whiskers—six hairs to either cheek—and a pensive nose. But he went to his work—the labor his rector had appointed to him on this occasion—like a man. Lady Glaskill was not at all the type of venerable dame he had honored and revered in theory, but he deemed her a very fair specimen of that which he might be called upon (did things go well with him) to fraternize in the future. Therefore he took to his task like a man, and cracked bon-bons and conventional jokes with her in the most gallant manner, and tried not to blush when she told him a purely Parisian story in an accent that decently matched it—a story with plenty of "point" to it, undoubtedly; with a point so sharp indeed that one possessed of the smallest amount of decent feeling could not fail to be wounded by it. But she told this story of hers in the lowest voice she found herself capable of sustaining for any length of time, therefore Kate was unconscious of it, and happy in that unconsciousness.

But later, when the ladies were back in the drawing-room alone, Kate was not so happy. The strings of Lady Glaskill's tongue had been untied by sundry goblets full of divers kinds of sparkling wine, and Lady Glaskill's tongue was an unruly member. She spoke freely of one or two things about which it would have been but prudent to have kept silence. She spoke freely, very freely, and the heart of Kate, her niece, went low as she listened and looked round on the audience of stately ladies in gloom and rich lace.

Lady Glaskill had deposited her draperies and what there was of herself on a couch by the fire, and the heat was pleasant to her—and so was the glimpse of herself which she caught in a mirror. Vain as her ladyship was, she had not that trick of sensitiveness which leads its possessor to take offence or see neglect too quickly, so now she did not perceive that the others held aloof from her, and that even Mrs. Caldwell abstained from her as much as it beseemed a hostess to abstain.

Kate, however, saw it all; and Kate winced under it, and hardly knew whom to blame in her annoyance. Lady Glaskill might be objectionable, but all the same Lady Glaskill was her aunt; therefore Mrs. Galton resolved that some of these stately ladies should "pay," in vulgar parlance, for this holding aloof, in the future.

It was but passive misery that Mrs. Galton endured while the ladies were alone, but as soon as the men straggled in, in that sheep-faced manner in which men do straggle into a drawing-room after having stayed as long as possible over their wine, passive misery went by, and active anguish took its place. Lady Glaskill saw an opportunity for making a sensation, and Lady Glaskill seized it.

She frisked up from her recumbent position on the couch, and sat up in one corner of it, patting the vacant space by her side with her hand, and smiling an alluring smile to the one who had catered for her mentally at dinner, in indication of her desire that he should occupy the said vacant space. Now Mrs. Caldwell's drawing-room was not strewn with couches. The one on which Lady Glaskill had deposited herself was the softest of the two that graced the apartment. The other was beautiful to behold, but it had a rigid back, and was not affected a second time by any one. Therefore, when Lady Glaskill patted the couch and looked alluringly at the curate, Mrs. Caldwell opened her eyes at him, and caused her brows to express a hope that he was not going to be so very presumptuous.

But he was young and brave—or shall he be termed rash rather? He thought of the prospective metropolitan congregation, and took Lady Glaskill as the type of it, in a way that rendered him careless as to what the former queen of his soul, Mrs. Caldwell, (whose sway was sometimes a little severe over those helpless ones, her husband's curates,) thought of his occupying her most comfortable couch. He suffered himself to be lured on to the extreme edge of it by the aged charmer whose state seemed to promise such an extensive field for exploits in his warfare with the world, the flesh, and the devil. And as soon as Lady Glaskill saw that inclination had conquered duty in him, she became excited, and, consequently, her niece perceived, dangerous.

"Don't let us be late to-night, John," Kate whispered to her husband. "The floodgates of Aunt Glaskill's speech are loosed."

"I will go when you like," he replied, as the evening was seeming all its length to him, though he was too broadly good-natured to admit even to himself that it was dull—"I will go when you like; but Lady Glaskill seems all right."

"I don't know about that; she was wanting that man to get up a game of three-card loo just now. That won't do here, I'm very sure."

At this juncture Lady Glaskill's voice rose shrilly above others in the room, and fell distinctly on the ears of both husband and wife.

"We were all as pleasantly occupied as possible in saying and hearing all the naughty things that were said of each other and the rest of the world, when the husband, a man from the country, came in, and anything more like a fool than he looked when he sat down at his own table and none of his wife's guests knew him, I never saw."

Her ladyship laughed hysterically here, and her chief auditor—her fellow-occupant of the couch—shuffled uneasily on the latter, and against his conscience said:

"It must have been very funny."

"The woman—I forget her name, but she was a dear friend of mine," Lady Glaskill proceeded, "had run tremendously in debt for new furniture, or else some man had given it to her, I forget which—but there, it's of no consequence," she added abruptly.

Her memory was very apt to play her tricks—to utterly forsake her at some moments, and flash back half-truth upon her at others. A something came across her now, and told her that it would have been wiser far on her part to have refrained from telling the capital story of the husband who had arrived suddenly and found his wife in the midst of revelry of which he knew nothing, and surrounded by friends who knew nothing of him.

John Galton had thrown his head up and listened, not eagerly, but with a certain scornful attention, when her ladyship's tones first fell upon his ear. He knew well what incident she was narrating to these people, down among whom he was a great man, and his wife was above suspicion. He knew what incident she was narrating; it had been painful enough to him, God knows, for the slightest allusion to it to recall it to his mind. But well as he remembered it, and the bitter smarting that, for all his generous trust in Kate, it had caused him, there was no anger in the look he turned upon his wife presently. She, poor sinner, was almost visibly trembling in an agony of dread as to what Lady Glaskill might say next. Do not make a mistake, and deem Kate Galton a more erring woman than she has been openly shown to be in these pages. She had no dread, no carking fear of anything fresh coming to her husband's knowledge. But she did, by reason of her recently awakened love for him, shrink in her soul at the idea of Lady Glaskill making it patent to those people with whom he stood so high, that John Galton had been the husband who was kept in the dark and slighted by his wife's friends. That was her sole dread; but it was bitter enough and heavy enough to have expiated worse sins than hers had been. Lady Glaskill's allusions aroused fears in Kate's breast that had long slumbered, or rather that had never been properly awakened in it before. That furniture! It was rare and costly, that she knew,—rare and costly, and very beautiful. But it was unpaid for up to the present date, which was a slight drawback to the pleasure of possessing property which had been warehoused ever since she left London.

Mrs. Galton sat and trembled. Six months ago she would have cared nothing for all this. She would have told John Galton that the furniture had been ordered certainly, and never paid for; that it had unquestionably not been a necessity. Still, that it had seemed good to her to have it, and he was always so indulgent that she felt sure, &c., &c. In fact, she would have put forth all her powers and have humbugged him out of his forgiveness and his money. This she would have done unscrupulously six months ago, but things were altered now. She had lately come to have a far warmer regard for her husband, consequently she had also a far more just appreciation of his good opinion. It pained her, it was grievous to her now, to think that he might with justice look upon her as a woman who had been careless, reckless and extravagant, for the sake of making a show and a sensation in society, from which she would willingly have excluded him; society which was not absolutely above suspicion. The thought that he might come to estimate her thus was grievous to her. She little knew that John Galton would have counted himself a happy man just then, could he have felt sure that one suggestion Lady Glaskill had thrown out was entirely without foundation, and that his wife had in truth only run him in debt to an upholsterer. He had never refused to give her money during the whole of their wedded career; more than this, he had never inquired into her expenditure of it. He remembered and feared that it had been no dread of a remonstrance which had prevented her sending in the bills to him; and she remembered it also, and took shame to herself for that brief fling of extravagance—that short term of utter carelessness—that thoughtless, unnecessary strain which would be felt eventually through her on that generous spirit. "They would do for the Grange, and make the old place sweet, she said to herself; "only it's full already, and new things are not wanted. Oh, dear! I wish I had screwed and paid for them out of my housekeeping and pin-money." She little knew how happy John Galton would count himself, in that they were to be paid for still; but she did know herself to be the sort of woman who never can screw a surplus penny out of her pin-money. Therefore, when the Caldwell conviviality came to an end, and Mr. Shalders (the aspiring curate) had aided in hoisting Lady Glaskill into the carriage, Kate sat in absolute, miserable, anxious silence, till they reached the Grange.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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THE LAUGH OF WOMAN.—A woman has no natural gift more bewitching than a sweet laugh. It is like the sound of flutes on the water. It leads from her in a clear, sparkling rill; and the heart that hears it feels as if bathed in the cool, exhilarating spring. Have you ever pursued an unseen fugitive through trees, led on by a fairy laugh—now here, now there, now lost, now found? We have; and we are pursuing that wandering voice to this day. Sometimes it comes to us in the midst of care, or sorrow, or irksome business; and then we turn away and listen, and hear it ringing through the room like a silver bell, with power to scare away the evil spirits of the mind. How much we owe to that sweet laugh! It turns the prose to poetry; it flings showers of sunshine over the darkness of the wood in which we are travelling; it touches with light even our sleep, which is no more the image of death, but is consumed with dreams that are the shadows of immortality.

CHILDISH THINGS.—Children imagine themselves possessed of great wealth if they have stuffed their little purses with counters, or money made of old cards and broken pottery; but, when they offer their coin for biscuits to the baker, they learn with sorrow that is is worth nothing. In like manner, we too, dream that the possession of some hundreds or thousands of pieces of gold makes us great and mighty men, and entitles us to universal respect; whereas, when we appear with them at the gate of Heaven, we shall be told that they are filth, and nothing more. It thus appears that life on earth is child's play for the old not less than for the young, unless, indeed, we attain to the blessedness of the new birth, grow to the stature of men in Christ Jesus, put away childish things, and set our affections upon objects worthy of the efforts of a soul which is the offspring of God, and destined for immortality.—*Gotthold's Emblems.*

MISS MULOCK.—The London correspondent of the Boston Commonwealth gives the following bit of interesting gossip concerning an authoress whose works are well known and admired in this country:—

"Miss Mulock, author of John Halifax, &c., is to be married at Bath, on the 28th, to a Mr. Craig, of Glasgow. This gentleman, who is much younger than Miss Mulock, was a year or two ago the victim of a railway accident by which he lost a leg. When taken to a hotel he was insensible, and the people, finding about him the address of Miss Mulock, sent for that lady, who, recognizing a youth whom she had known as a boy, nursed him tenderly. The result is a wedding; and it is to be hoped that the lady will give us less of the grave-yard style of literature in future."

☞ The Emperor Napoleon III. recently had a quiet evening with a few friends. In the course of conversation, he remarked that it was very hard to define *savant*. "I don't think so," retorted M. Drouyn de Lhuys; "I would propose this definition: A *savant* is a man who knows all that all the world doesn't know, and who doesn't know what all the world knows."

☞ Charlotte Cushman has taken to the turf. A horse of her's took a prize at some races recently in the vicinity of Rome. Another of her stud came in second in another race.

South American Civilization;

OR,

Glances and Glimpses at Agriculture, Arts, Architecture, Education, and Domestic Economy in Brazil, Buenos Ayres, Banda Oriental, Chili, Bolivia, Peru, and Equador, as Seen and Noted Down.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

Valuable Woods—Manioc—Its Appearance—Culture—Farina—Manufacture—Use—A Poor Speculation.

Though the trees of the Brazilian forest are never to be compared with the primeval giants of the North American woods—always less symmetrical in structure, less towering in altitude, and never so uniform, in growth, though in their varied combinations, presenting forest pictures more romantically beautiful.

No other country upon the face of the globe, affords so great a variety of really valuable woods, as Brazil. For ship building purposes, three varieties of her *Canella*, her *Cabrieva*, *Epic*, and red *Parove*, are no whit less enduring than our best white oak. Five at least of her forest trees yield a bark as valuable for tanning leather, as that of the best rock or Spanish oak ever cut. The *Caouchoc*, producing the elastic gum, abounds everywhere along the upper Amazon and all its tributaries. The Copaiva, and several other resinous, gum, and balsam bearing trees, grow in profusion within the Great Coast Range; while in all the interior southern regions, ebony, rose and mahogany, grow in supplies seemingly inexhaustible.

The *Canjisco*, *Jacaranda*, and *Jacarandouva*, are all hard and most beautiful Brazilian woods held in higher estimation in that country for cabinet purposes than even rosewood or mahogany, on account of their susceptibility of a delicate finish and exceedingly high polish.

I had ran helter skelter through the length of the empire and nearly out of it, forgetting to mention one of the most important productions of the country—the *Manioc*—or as it is pronounced in Brazil, mandicoa.

The prepared Manioc forms a staple dish on the table of every Brazilian, from that of Don Pedro Segundo down to the meanest *peon*; and many a Brazillero who never sat at a table in his life, would be as lost without his gourd or pouch of *farina de manioc* at every meal, as we in the United States should be without our bread.

In appearance, the Manioc plant very nearly resembles the old-fashioned artichoke, that we used to see growing in the swampy places down in the corners of our grandfather's gardens, the potato-like roots of which were dug, boiled slightly, and being immersed in good vinegar twenty-four hours, made pickles that used to make our mouths water.

The root resembles our ordinary sweet potato, though it grows generally larger, and very frequently to fifteen and even twenty inches in length. The flesh is a clear, bluish white, and the root, quite as juicy as our best varieties of turnips, the juice when first expressed being poisonous, but becoming innoxious by a few hours' exposure to the light, and after having undergone fermentation, becoming a most palatable beverage, very like small beer. Distilled, the same juice becomes a species of bad rum, very much in favor with the lower order of Brazilian humanity.

The root is planted much as we plant our potatoes, only there is no furrowing, hilling, or but trifling preliminary preparation of the soil; and being shallowly interred, the root is left to its own resources, as a general thing, without further care or cultivation. It is a sturdy, rugged, independent fellow, quite competent to take care of itself, though experience has shown that it is all the better for some trifling care and cultivation.

The first season the Manioc crop is not disturbed, the tubers being all small and not worth the digging. There is no replanting to be performed, however, the plants shooting up spontaneously like asparagus, and at the end of the second season, under reasonable condition, there will be a turn out of five hundred bushels per acre. The third year will afford an increased yield of another hundred bushels; and that will be about the annual increase until the sixth year, when the yield begins to fall off rapidly, and the root to deteriorate in quality, running itself out and requiring replanting about the ninth or tenth year.

The manufacture of the material is conducted in the most clumsy, primitive manner imaginable, not a single feature of improvement having been introduced since first Manioc grew in Brazil, and Brazilians adopted *farina* as their national dish.

A sheet of thick iron, rudely punched like a tin grater, nailed along its edges to two pieces of wood four feet long, and these resting on forked stakes driven into the ground, a rawhide spread underneath, and there we have a Manioc mill complete. Seizing upon a famous root, the stalwart African rasps away, see-saw, as leisurely as it is possible to move, and move at all, grating at an average rate, a bushel of farina per day, the material being just a trifle finer than small hominy.

The juice is pressed from the pulp by presses ruder something probably than those of Nabal in David's time, the juice running into great wooden troughs placed beneath the presses to receive it.

After being squeezed as thoroughly as possible under the circumstances, the pulp is dried in the sun, and put up in sacks for the market.

There are different qualities of the *Farina de Mandioca*, as there are of our flour, and like it, the higher grades command a relatively greater price, though the medium article is more universally in demand; and as for myself, though I fed on *farina* for a number of years, I was never able to discover any superior excellence in the finer qualities, and soon learned, like the majority of consumers, to prefer the commoner article.

A capital breakfast dish may be manufactured in a minute, and on the table, from farina, each person making the dish to suit him or herself. Take an ordinary sized earthen bowl, half full of the dry farina; pour boiling water over it and stir until you have a thick mush, and by the time the proper consistency is attained, the material is sufficiently cooked. With butter and powdered sugar over it, or eaten with milk, the dish is really a delicious one.

Farina may be mixed in the same manner, and fried on a hot griddle to a nice brown, and affords a capital cake for the breakfast-table.

Black beans, stewed to death, with pork, is a favorite dinner dish with all classes of Brazilians, and the custom is to mix with the fingers a liberal layer of farina over a plateful of beans, stir it in thoroughly, and then pitch in, as if they had fasted a month, and there was no edible in this world equal to *Farina de Mandioca*. It is, I must acknowledge, a dish very good to eat.

But the most common practice, that which is universal among all classes of Brazilians, is to eat farina in common, from one common dish, set on in the centre of the table in its raw state. From every side hands are reached out and dipped into the dish, scooping up in the four fingers, curved into something like a spoon, a mouthful of the meal of *Manioc*. The head is thrown back, mouth set wide agape, and elevating the elbow higher than the head, the fingers are swung round over the orifice, and the farina poured in, like shooting a shovelfull of sand into a port-hole. Take care, though, that you do not cough, or draw in your breath during the "*feed*;" or there will be a strangle, spasm, and spout, showering farina broadcast over the company. Such cases frequently occur.

It is something amusing to look around a table surrounded by farina eaters, male and female. You see the jetty curls of beautiful senoras, powdered white, and the glossy whiskers and mustaches of grave senors, ladened with farina, giving them much the appearance of rats after a foray in a meal-tub.

Having studied the habits of the plant somewhat carefully, and seeing it growing and producing abundantly in the parallel of 40 degrees south latitude, where the severity of the winters are quite equal to ours in a corresponding parallel North, I have long been of the opinion that the *Manioc* may be successfully grown in all the Southern States of the Union, and over a great portion of Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri. At all events, it seems to be worth an experiment.

In many parts of Brazil, and in Paraguay, the coarser qualities of the *Farina de Mandioca* are extensively used for fattening swine, and also for food for horses, horned cattle, and sheep. For pork making, it is said to be fully equal to corn, pound for pound, and, fed to sheep, it produces the finest flavored mutton, if not in the world, in Paraguay at least.

For the dyspeptic and debilitated there is probably no food in the world equal to the fine, pearly powder that settles in the trough into which the juice of the manioc runs from the press. This being dried, is the very finest and most delicate of all the farinas, and being stirred into warm milk, to the consistency of a thin mush, and sweetened with loaf-sugar, affords a dish as palatable and nourishing as was ever invented.

Having for years been familiar with the tedious process of manufacturing the farina, it occurred to me one day that improvements were possible, and very soon thereafter, being sent on a special mission to the United States, upon my arrival I set to looking about for something in the shape of a mill that would grind the manioc root. And one day I found it.

At a machine establishment in New York, I saw in operation a beautiful mite of a mill, scarcely larger than a toilet stand, and simple as a cheese-press, grinding up rutabagas, sugar-beets, potatoes, plumbago, green corn, wet leather cuttings, and divers other material, all as fine as meal, and at the rate of eight bushels per hour.

"Eureka!" I whispered to myself. "Here is the very thing for our Brazilian *Manioc*. I'll purchase one and take out with me. Bogardus' patent does not cover Brazil—I can manufacture there, get a patent in Rio Janeiro, sell a hundred a day at any price I can have a conscience to ask, put one on every plantation—make two or three fortunes, and—and— Well, I stopped just there, copying the maid and her bucket of milk—and purchased off-hand a mill, paying for it $180.

Carrying with me the nucleus of my future fortune on my return to Rio Janeiro, I was permitted to land it duty free on account of its being a novelty first introduced into the country, and immediately I set about making arrangements for manufacturing on a most extensive scale.

My next stroke of policy was to exhibit my miracle to the members of the Executive Council, the deputies representing the various provinces, to the savans and men of influence, and to his Majesty Don Pedro himself, if I could only get him around to the *Alfandega*, where I proposed to exhibit.

Placing my mill in the great hall of the Custom House, providing a great heap of the raw material, and two powerful Africans as motors, I set the miracle in motion, and while it was manufacturing magnificent farina at the rate of eight bushels an hour, I was soaring skyward fifteen miles a minute, extolling the thing to an admiring audience, mangling Portuguese by entire paragraphs in my spasmodic efforts to show forth all the advantages that would accrue to the country from the universal use of my "little giant."

At last the mill and myself, ground out of material at the same moment, and there was a dead silence for a brief space.

Then Senor Juan Jose Pinto Hernandez Murillo, Vicompte of Montalegre, and member of the Imperial Council, crushed me and my prospective millions into ten thousand oblivions.

"Senor—you have told us nothing but truths. We can all see that. *El molino* is a miracle. It will perform all you have said. And more than that. That is the reason we cannot permit its use in the country. Don't you see? If it performed the work of only one man it would a blessing, because the work is done so much better. We would accept it. But it performs the work of a hundred, and is very dangerous. One mill would give idleness to one hundred slaves and peons. There is always mischief in idleness. We have to keep our people all the time engaged, or there is plotting and insurrection and revolution. Put a hundred of those mills at work, and in three months we should have a hundred revolutions all over the country. We cannot permit them, Senor. Don't you see?"

Yes—I saw that there was an end to my dream of infringement of patent, aggrandizement, and an Astorian fortune. The Vicompte's argument was conclusive, and the "little giant" was interdicted. For aught I know to the contrary it stands in seclusion in some dark corner of *el Alfandega* to this day.

Just about as sensible as this argument of the court statesman is the method of timber measurement in Brazil, though something more amusing. All over the country all sorts of timber and lumber, round, hewn, sawed, boards, planks and scantling are sold by the palm, the standard being 8½ English inches, counting everything running measure; the width and thickness being jumped at, by a rough guess. I do not suppose there are ten native lumber dealers in the empire who have any more idea of superficial, square, or cubic measurement of timber than an ordinary horse has of hydraulics.

Go to a lumberman for a plank or piece of timber, select one that will suit your purpose, and he sets about measuring it. Placing the nail of his little finger at the end of the stick, he spreads out his hand, extending the thumb to its full stretch lengthwise the stick, digs the nail into the wood so as to hold on, brings up the little finger with a jerk as a horse does his hind foot in a brisk trot, and away goes the thumb again on another stretch—bumping and kinking like a span worm on a foot-race, rapidly *palming* off his timber, counting as he runs—"*Uno-dos-tres-cuatro-cinco-seis*"—and so on to "*cent*" if the stick is long enough. It is astonishing, the rapidity with which some of the old experts will *palm* off a plank for you, and quite as amusing the adroitness with which they will *palm* a worthless bit of wood upon you.

Once, in making some improvements at the Rio Grande Navy Yard, there was occasion to use considerable timber and plank, and we, who had the work in charge, divided the government patronage in that line between two dealers for the following reasons:—

Manuel, Jose Marquez, the up-town lumberman, was a great "Belgian giant" of a fellow, with a hand spread out like a flounder, and fingers like tenpins. He could span off in a *palm*, I should say, twelve inches. But he charged us high rates, and would *palm* upon us a great deal of worthless timber.

Carlos Juan Martinez, the down-town dealer, was a manikin—a shrimp—with a hand that would slide into a No. 5 ladies "kid." I don't believe he could *palm* seven inches to save his life. But he sold cheap, and always gave us good material. So the *sell* was about equalized all round.

☞ There is a chap up in Alleghany county, who makes a heap of money every year by inventing jawbreaking names for travelling-shows. He has never yet succeeded in producing a name that the public could not generally speak distinctly in sixty days, after seeing it posted on the fences. He thinks he will succeed this season in bringing out something that "will beat 'em all." He relies mostly upon a Russian grammar and dictionary.

☞ "There is such a thing as fellowship in mountains, when one has lived for any length of time among them, watching their changing aspects with the varying atmosphere, and yet finding them in form and outline eternally the same; like the best of friends, whose humor may occasionally vary, but whose elements of character, comprehending all, for which we love them, experience no change."—*Mrs. Ellis.*

☞ The French Empress will preside at the Council during the Emperor's absence in Algiers.

☞ A millionaire in Antwerp has been detected stealing plants from the public gardens.

☞ Patti is said to have recently received $2,000 for singing one evening at a private house in Paris.

☞ Heenan, the prize-fighter, was, at last accounts, keeping a tavern in England.

☞ There are some 60,000 tulips in full bloom in the gardens of the Royal Horticultural Society.

☞ It is commonly stated that the wife of Jeff. Davis is a daughter of the late President Taylor. This is not so. Miss Taylor became the first wife of Davis, but his present wife's maiden name was Verina Howell, said to be a grand-daughter of Gen. Howell, of New Jersey. Davis has three children now living by his second wife.

☞ Some citizens of Troy, on Saturday last, forwarded to Gen. Grant a present that will "take his fancy." It is a box of cigars, one hundred in number, of the finest brand. Each cigar has a paper holder; and the box itself is got up "regardless of expense."

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market for Flour continues unsettled and dull. The week's sales comprise some 12,000 bbls, mostly extra and extra family, at $6,50@7 for the former, and $7 to 8,50 for the latter; superfine at $6@6,75, and 1200 bbls fancy brands at $9,50@11 ℘ bbl, as in quality. Rye Flour and Corn Meal are also dull and lower, with sales of the former at $5,25@5,50, and of the latter at $4,75@5,50 ℘ bbl for Penna and Brandywine Meal.

GRAIN—There is not much Wheat offering, and prices are unsettled, with sales of 25,000 bus, chiefly for milling, at $1,60@1,65 for good and choice Penna and Southern, and $1,80@2 for white, including prime Kentucky. Rye; sales of Penna are reported at 90@97c. Corn; sales of 24,000 bus at [illegible] for yellow, and 78c for white. Oats, about 25,000 bus sold at 50@52c.

PROVISIONS—The market generally is unsettled and lower; the sales are limited at $26@27 for Mess Pork, and $15@22 ℘ bbl for Mess Beef. Beef Hams are quiet at $27@28. Of Bacon the sales are light at 19@23c for Hams, and 17@18c for Shoulders. Green Meats sell at 19@20c for pickled Hams, and 15½@16c for Shoulders in salt. Lard—prime tcs is held at 19c; sales of country are reported at 17@17½c; kegs are worth 20@21c. Butter—New is scarce, and more saleable at 25@28c for good and prime, and at 40@42c for choice lots. Cheese is steady at 18@21c ℘ ℔. Eggs are selling at 26@27c ℘ doz.

COTTON—The week's sales reach some 500 bales, at 48@52c for middlings.

BARK—Quercitron is held at $30 for 1st No. 1. Of Tanners' Bark sales are reported at $18@22 ℘ cord, the latter for Spanish Oak.

BEESWAX is dull at 50c ℘ ℔.

COAL—Business generally continues dull, and prices are unsettled, ranging at $6@7 ℘ ton on board at Richmond.

FEATHERS are selling at 80@85c ℘ ℔ for good western.

HAY—Sales at $20@23 ℘ ton.

HOPS continue dull at 40@50c for first sort Eastern and Western.

IRON—The demand for Pig Metal is limited—sales of Forge at $33@37, and Foundry at 38@40 ℘ ton.

LUMBER—The demand continues limited at $20@38 for White Pine; $25@27 for Yellow Sap, and $20 for Lehigh Hemlock Boards. Raft Lumber is quoted at $16@17, and White Pine shingles at $25@30 ℘ M.

OILS—For Petroleum the market is unsettled and very quiet at 25@26c for Crude, and 71@75c for free refined.

PLASTER—Sales of soft at $5 ℘ ton.

RICE—Sales at 10@10½c for Rangoon.

SEEDS are unsettled and lower, with very little disposition to operate in either Clover or Timothy. The dealers are paying $8@10 for the former, and $3 ℘ bushel for the latter. Flaxseed is selling on arrival at $2,50 ℘ bushel.

SPIRITS—N. E. Rum sells at $2,30@2,35. Whiskey meets with a limited demand at $2,10@2,12 for refined and prime bbls.

TALLOW—Sales of rendered at 10@10½c.

WOOL—The stock on sale is light, and the transactions are limited to a few small lots mixed and fine fleece, at 70@75c, the latter for choice. Tub ranges at 80@85c. Yarns are held at $1,15@1,25 ℘ ℔.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1300 head. The prices realized from $11 to 16,50 ℘ 100 lbs. [illegible] Hogs at from $12,50 to 16,25 ℘ 100 lbs. Sheep—[illegible] head were disposed of at from 10½ to 11c ℘ ℔. 125 Cows brought from $27 to 50 ℘ head.

JARED'S "EMAIL DE PARIS" for imparting beauty and freshness to the complexion. The most sensitive and retiring lady may use the exquisite "Email" without hesitancy. L'Email is especially endorsed by Mlle. Vestvali, Lucille Western, Mrs. D. P. Bowers and many other ladies of beauty and talent. Sold by all Druggists, Perfumers, and Ladies' Hair Dressers. Orders by mail should be addressed to JARED & RENE, Philada., Pa. mar11-3m

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PATIENTS BROUGHT TO THE BRINK OF THE GRAVE by disease of the lungs CAN BE SAVED by

COD LIVER OIL

Of entirely pure and of the best quality, but not otherwise. John C. Baker & Co.'s medicinal transparent Cod Liver Oil has the sanction of the leading incorporated medical institutions of this country. There is none comparable to it. Manufactured and sold by John C. Baker & Co., No. 718 Market street, Philadelphia. Price $1 per bottle. Letters from the country receive attention. For sale by all druggists. my6-3m

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All the ladies use Cox's Tonic Elixir, and declare that nothing is so strengthening and invigorating after the fatigues of a warm day as that sovereign preparation. They place it side by side on the toilet-table with the "Email de Paris," and say that if the one beautifies the complexion, the other imparts a vivacity and freshness to the physical system altogether indispensable. Cox's Tonic Elixir can be had of SAMUEL C. HART, Druggist and Chemist, 24 South Second street, below Market.

SOLDIERS, see to your own health, do not trust to the army supplies! Cholera, Fever, and Bowel Complaint will follow your slightest indiscretion. HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT, should be in every man's knapsack. The British and French troops use no other medicines. If the reader of this "notice" cannot get a box of Pills or Ointment from the drug store in his place, let him write to me, 80 Maiden Lane, enclosing the amount, and I will mail a box free of expense. Many dealers will not keep my medicines on hand because they cannot make as much profit as on other persons' make. 35 cents, 88 cts., and $1.40 per box or pot. Sold by all Druggists.

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The hair is renovated and strengthened, and restored to its original color without the application of mineral substances. Can be applied by the hand or brush, as it does not stain the skin or soil the finest linen. Delicately perfumed. A pleasure to apply.

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Cures Tetter, Scald Head, Salt Rheum, Sores, all Eruptions. Price 50 cents. By sending 60 cents to DR. SWAYNE & SON, 330 North SIXTH Street, Philadelphia, a box will be mailed to any part of the United States. feb18-eow

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 18th instant, at the bride's residence, by the Rev K. Walling, EDWARD W. HOWARD, of Ridgeland, N. J., to MARY E., daughter of the late Wm. R. Allen, of Burlington, N. J.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. CHARLES ONEILL to Mrs. MARY C. BITTLE, both of Chester county, Pa.

On the 16th instant, by the Rev. S. D. Finckel, of Washington D. C., M. M. LUTHER FINCKEL, of the same city, to Miss MARY L. ROYAL, daughter of Mrs. Eliza Royal, of Germantown, Pa.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. F. T. Callhopper, Mr. BENJ. F. RICHARDS to Miss EMMA R. BROWN, both of Camden, N. J.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. Saml. Durborow, JOSEPH L. SHARP to MARIA C. WILLARD, both of this city.

On the 16th instant, by the Rev. Thomas G. Allen, Mr. ADAM HUNTERSON to Miss ANNIE L. BOUCHIUS, both of this city.

On the 15th instant, by the Rev. J. F. Chaplain, Mr. JOSEPH W. REDDING to Miss AMANDA M. SHINN, both of this city.

On the 6th of April, by the Rev. A. Manship, Mr. JOHN S. WARNER to Mrs. ANNIE F. BURKE, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 17th instant, MARY RICHARDS, daughter of W. Dwight Bell, in her 20th year.

On the 3d-day, 5th mo., 16th, RACHEL W. ORUM, in her 76th year.

On the 18th instant, Mrs. MARGARET BROWN, aged 65 years.

On the 15th instant, ROBERT NEWELL, of Co. A, 88d regt. Pa. Vols., in his 20th year.

On the 14th instant, CAROLINE V. MASON, in her 41st year.

On the 14th instant, Mr. WILLIAM R. ASH, Sr., aged 65 years.

On the 14th instant, WILLIAM NICKELL, in his 77th year.

On the 13th instant, HENRY FOULKROD, in his 68th year.

On the 13th instant, Mrs. JANE WILKINSON, in her 66th year.

On the 12th instant, Mrs. REBECCA MOORE, aged 73 years.

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15	" Rheumatism, and all Rheumatic Pains	25
16	" Fever and Ague, Chill Fever—Old Agues	50
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18	" Opthalmy, Sore, Weak or Inflamed Eyes	50
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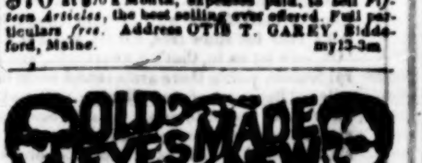

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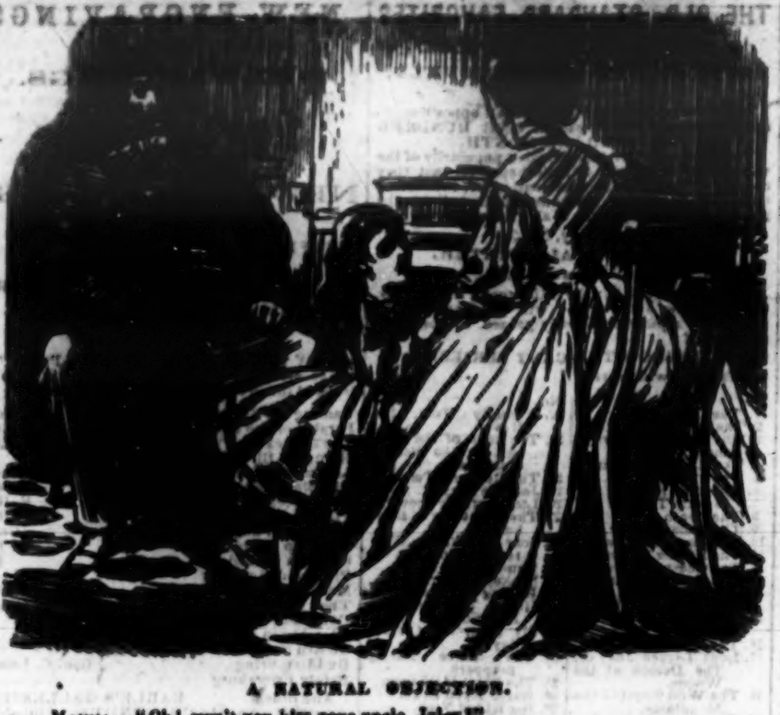
"As I was goin thoroo the entry to the room where the vittles was, I cum across the Elder and the old female I'd met the night before; and what d'ye spose they was up to? Huggin and kissin like young lovers in their gushingist state. Ses I, 'my Shaker friends, I reckon you'd better suspend the rules, and git marrid!' 'You must excuse Brother Uriah,' sed the female, 'he's subjeck to fits and hain't got no command over hisself when he's into 'em.' 'Sartinly,' say I, 'I've bin took that way myself frequent.' 'You're a man of sin!' sed the Elder." And, again: "The Shakers axed me to go their meetin, as they was to have services that mornin, so I put on a clean biled rag and went. The meetin house was as neat as a pin. The floor was white as chalk and smooth as glass. The Shakers was all on hand, in clean weskits and meal bags, ranged on the floor like millingtery companies, the mails on one side of the room and the females on tother. They commenced clappin their hands and singin and dancin. They danced kinder slow at fust, but as they got warmed up they shaved it down very brisk, I tell you. Elder Uriah, in particler, exhiberted a right smart chance of spryness in his legs, considerin his time of life, and as he cum a dubble shuffle, near where I sot, I rewarded him with a approvin smile, and sed:—'Hunky boy! Go it, my gay and festiv cuss!' 'You're a man of sin!' he sed, continnerin his shuffle.' Artemus asks one of the Shakers, 'What dus it siggerfy?' 'What?' demands the Shaker. Then says Artemus:—'Why this jumpin up and singin? This long-weskit bizniss, and this anty-matrimony idee? . . Your religion is small pertaters, I must say. You mope away your lives here in single retchidness, and as you air all by yourselves nothing ever conflicks with your pecooler ideas, except when Human Natur busts out among you, as I understan she sumtimes do. [I giv Uriah a sly wink here, which made the old fellow squirm like a speared eel.] . . . The gals among you, sum of which air as slick pieces of caliker as I ever sot eyes on, air syin to place their heds agin weskits, which kiver honest, manly harts, while you old heds fool yerselves with the idee that they air fulfillin their mishun here and air contented. . . . It's a unnatral, onreasonable and dismal life you're leadin here.'" So much for the anti-matrimonial idea.

Now for the extra-matrimonial idea. Mr. Artemus Ward says:—"My desire was to exhibit my grate show in Salt Lake City, so I called on Brigham Yung, the grate mogull among the Mormins, and axed his permishun to pitch my tent and onfurl my banner to the jentle breezis. He lookt at me in a austere manner for a few minits, and sed:—'Do you bleeve in Solomon, Saint Paul, the immaculateness of the Mermin Church and the Latterday Revelashuns?' Sez I, 'I'm on it!' I make it a pint to git along pleasant, tho I didn't know what under the Son the old feller was drivin at. He sed I might show. 'You air a marrid man, Mister Yung, I bleeve?' sed I, preparin to rite him sum free parsis. 'I hev eighty wives, Mister Ward. I sertinly am marrid.' 'How do you like it as far as you hev got?' sed I. He sed 'middlin,' and axed me wouldn't I like to see his famerly. . . 'Besides these wives you see here, Mister Ward,' sed Yung, 'I hev eighty more in varis parts of this consecrated land which air sealed to me.' 'Which?' sez I, gittin up & starin' at him. 'Sealed, sir, sealed.' 'Whare bouts?' sez I. I sed 'Sir, that they was sealed!' He spoke in a traggerdy voice. 'Will they probly continner on in that stile to any grate extent, sir?' I axed. 'Sir,' sed he, turnin' as red as a biled beet, 'don't you know that the rules of our Church is that I, the Proffit, may hev as meny wives as I wants?' . . . In a privit conversashun with Brigham I lernt the follerin fax:—It takes him six weeks to kiss his wives. He don't do it only onct a yere, & sez it is wuss nor cleanin house. He don't pretend to know his children, there is so many of um, tho they all know him. He sez about every child he meets calls him Par, & he takes it for grantid it is so. His wives air very expensiv. They allus want suthing, & if he don't buy it for um they set the house in a uproar. He sez he don't have a minit's peace. His wives fite amung theirselves so much that he has bilt a fitin room for thare speshel benefit, & when too of 'em get into a row he has em turned loose into that place, where the dispoot is settled accordin to the rules of the London prize-ring. Sumtimes they aboos hisself individooally. They hev pulled the most of his hair out at the roots, and he wares many a horrible scar upon his body, inflicted with mop-handles, broomsticks, and sich. Occashunly they git mad, & scald him with bilin hot water. When he got eny wayz cranky they'd shut him up in a dark closit, previsly whippin him arter the stile of mothers when thare orfsprings git onruly. Sumtimes when he went in swimmin they'd go to the banks of the lake and steal all his close, thereby compellin him to sneck home by a sircootius rowt, drest in the skanderlus style of the Greek Slave. 'I find that the keers of a marrid life way hevy onto me,' sed the Proffit; '& sumtimes I wish I'd remaned singel.' I left the Proffit & startid for the tavern whare I'd put up to. On my way I was overtuk by a large krowd of Mormons, which they surrounded me, & statid that they were goin into the show free. 'Wal,' sez I, 'if I find a individooal who is goin round lettin folks into his show free, I'll let you know.' . . 'Oh, now let us in, that's a sweet man,' sed several femails, puttin there arms round me in luving stile. 'Becum 1 of us. Becum a Preest and have wives sealed to you.' 'Not a Seal!' sez I, startin back in horror at the idee. 'Oh stay, sir, stay,' sed a tall, gaunt femaile, ore whoos hed 37 summers must hev pased, 'stay, & I'll be your Jentle Gazelle.' 'Not ef I know it, you won't,' sez I. . . . '& I,' sed a fat chunky femaile, who must hev wade more then too hundred lbs., 'I will be your sweet gidin Star!' Sez I, 'Ile bet two dollers and a half you won't!'"

Mr. Ward says:—"Some years ago I pitched my tent and onfurled my banner to the breeze, in Berlin Hites, Ohio. I had heern that Berlin Hites was ockepied by a extensive seck called Free Lovers, who believed in affinertys and sich. . . . If I can improve these ere misguided peple by showin them my unparaleld show at the usual low price of admitants, methinks I shall not hav lived in vane! But humbly did I pass the day I ever sot foot in the retchid place. . . A [illegible] I never seen. The men's faces was all covered with hare and they lookt half-starved to deth. They didn't wear no weskits for the purpose (as they sed) of allowin the free air of hevun to blow onto their buzzums. Their pockets was filled with tracks and pamplits and they was barefooted. . . . The wimin was wuss than the men. They wore trowsis, short gownds, straw hats with green ribbins, and all carrid bloo cotton umbrellers. Presently a perfeckly orful looking female presented herself at the dore. Her gownd was skandelusly short and her trowsis was shameful to behold. . . . She grabd me vilently by the coat collar, and brandishin her umbreller wildly round, exclaimed, 'You air my Affinerty!' 'What upon erth is that?' I shouted. . . . 'Listin, man, & I'll tell ye!' sed the strange female; 'for years I hav yearned for thee. I knowd thou wast in the world, sumwhares, tho I didn't know whare. My hart sed he would cum, and I took courage. He *has* cum—he's here—you air him—you air my Affinerty! O 'tis too mutch! too mutch!' and she sobbed again. 'Yes,' I anserd, 'I think it is a darn site too mutch!' 'Hast thou not yearned for me?' she yelled, ringing her hands like a female playacter. 'Not a yearn!' I bellerd at the top of my voice, throwin her away from me. The free lovers who was standin round obsservin the scene, commenst for to holler 'shame!' 'beast!' etsettery, etsettery. I was very mutch riled, and fortifyin myself with a spare tent-stake, I addrest them as follers:—'You pussylanermus critters, go away from me and take this retched woman with you. I'm a law a-bidin man, and bleeve in good, old-fashioned institutions. I am marrid and my orfsprings resemble me, if I am a showman! I think your Affinerty bizniss is cussed noncents, besides bein outrajustly wicked.' . . . I pored 4th my indignashun in this way till I got out of breth, when I stopt. I shant go to Berlin Hites agin, not if I live to be as old as Methooseler."



A NATURAL OBJECTION.

Mamma.—"Oh! won't you kiss your uncle, Juley?"

Juley (unused to the fashionable beard).—"I don't know where, mamma!"

The Audience.—The manager of a country theatre looked into the house between the acts, and turned with a face of dismay to the prompter, with the question:—

"Why, good gracious, where's the audience?"

"Sir," replied the prompter, without moving a muscle, "he is just now gone to get some beer."

The manager wiped the perspiration from his brow, and said—

"Will he return, do you think?"

"Most certainly; he expresses himself highly satisfied with the play, and applauded as one man."

"Then let the business proceed," exclaimed the manager, proudly, and it did proceed.

"To the P'int."—Mr. President, I wish the friends in the fore part of the meeting would speak up, so that the friends in the back part of the meeting can hear what is going on in the front part of the meeting. Friends in the back part of the meeting feel as much interested as friends in the fore part of the meeting; it is highly necessary that friends in the fore part of the meeting should speak up, so that friends in the back part of the meeting can hear what is going on in the fore part of the meeting.

"A bachelor of 30 years" writes to the Country Gentleman for a recipe for bean soup. A lady correspondent replies, "Get a wife that knows how to make it."

The Austrian dogs are suffering from a plague. Here a plague is suffered from the dogs.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

Madeline's Kitchen Cabinet.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

What Shall we Eat?

One of our domestic economists, who wields a wide influence in the world, has just written, editorially, in apparent despondency:—"Unfortunately, we have no cheap substitute for beef."

Now let us see about that. Let us argue that question practically, Mr. Economist.

If we have not the substitutes as cheap as we had them five years ago, we at least have the same ones just as abundant, and comparatively as reasonable in price.

But before we wade into the discussion to the full depth of consistency, let us inquire if meat, three times a day—three, two, or even one pound, in the aggregate—is a necessity of the best physical condition of man or woman, no matter what the labor requirements upon their energies may be. Is there not other material, that, bulk for bulk, pound for pound, will afford an equal amount of nourishment, be more wholesome, obtainable at half the cost, and, divesting ourselves of prejudice, be just as palatable as beef?

Let us begin with—let us see—Codfish.

Now, please don't "pish," and "pshaw!" Mr. Economist. I am really in earnest, and in my limited capacity am as anxious to benefit humanity as yourself. Do you happen to know, sir, that codfish can be cooked in sixty different styles, every one of which has been pronounced capital by those who had always positively declared they hated codfish? It is true.

Do you found your prejudice against the fish upon your experience in attempting to eat it as almost universally prepared anywhere out of Yankee land? If so, I cannot say that I blame you.

The common practice of taking a dry haik or haddock, calling it a codfish, cutting it into chunks the size of Webster's Primary School Dictionary, *swizzling* it in a quart of water five minutes, calling *that* soaking, and then plunging it into an iron pot with the tough, black, fishy skin on, and boiling it two hours at 290 high-pressure rate, is simply abominable. Such a cooking of codfish would disgust an Esquimaux. No wonder it does so many Christians.

The popular manufacture of codfish balls is scarcely an improvement upon the popular boil. Almost invariably we find them strong, fishy, lumpy, bony, disgusting masses of abomination.

Now, as I know that there are those who are habitual fish-eaters, partaking, as a rule, of ten codfish dinners to one of meat, and capable, upon such a diet, of performing as great an amount of labor as any beef-eater anywhere, and as I also know by experience, that codfish can be cooked in a variety of ways that will render it palatable, nutritious, and really inviting, I am going to propose a few codfish dishes, as I may find leisure and the publisher space, until I shall have convinced Mr. Economist that codfish is a good and cheap substitute for beef.

To Boil Salt Codfish.—If I am going to have boiled codfish for dinner to-morrow, I cut the fish into pieces the size of a playing-card, and put it to soak in a liberal supply of water to-night. In the morning early I change the water, and let the material continue to soak until breakfast is out of the way, when it is laid out on a sieve, or something that will afford free drainage, and left until it is time to prepare it for cooking. Then every particle of skin, the fins, and all bones, are removed, the fish picked fine, put into a clean bag, and then into a tin sauce-pan or porcelain-lined kettle, and cooked about forty minutes in water, kept constantly just below the boiling point.

Served with any of the sauces suitable for fish, and eaten with potatoes, mealy and well boiled, I have an idea that very few will pronounce codfish so prepared detestable.

Codfish Balls.—For these the preliminary preparation of the fish is the same as for boiling. Then, after the material has been thoroughly drained, and freed from bone and skin, take it by parcels between the palms of the hands, and rubbing briskly. If it be really a codfish we are manipulating, we shall find the fibres separate readily, and the material will roll up as light as a lock of wool.

While this is being done, have boiling good sound potatoes, enough to make a bulk equal to the fish, and as soon as these are cooked *done*, whip off their jackets, and into the tray or wooden bowl with them, piping hot; add the prepared fish, turn in new milk, and mash until there is no vestige of a lump in the mass, and you have batter as stiff as Indian griddle cakes. Season with pepper, have the fat in the dripping-pan hissing hot, drop in the fish batter by large spoonfulls, fry to a bright brown on both sides, and, beyond a doubt, you will have capital fish-balls.

Cottage Cheese.—Pour boiling water from a tea-kettle spout into the pan containing the loppered milk, beating it all the time with a spoon, until it begins to granulate and the whey separates. About one-fourth of the quantity in hot water is usually sufficient. Then empty it into a collander, and let it drain about ten minutes. Pour on a quart or two of cold water, and as soon as this drains off apply salt enough to give it an agreeable taste. Put it in a dish for the table. Some persons prefer the addition of sweet cream when served.

A Pudding.—A nutritious and favorite pudding is made as follows:—½lb. of finely shred suet, ½lb. of flour, 2 or 3 ounces of moist sugar or treacle, ½lb. of currants or stoned raisins, 2 or 3 well-beaten eggs, about a cupfull of milk, and a small quantity of salt. Mix all well together, and bake immediately in a pie-dish for about half an hour. All young people like it, and it eats like ordinarily plum-cake. Of course [illegible] may be added, but a healthy appetite is the best spice for young people.

☞ A convict, who was about to be sent to the House of Correction, was told that they would set him to picking oakum. "Let em try it, by gosh!" said he, "I'll tear the darned oakum all to pieces!"

☞ *Juvenile Swell.*—"Oh, how delightful it must be to be a dog!" *Young Lady.*—"Never mind, Charlie, you have a chance to grow."

AGRICULTURAL.

Worm Fences.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Bucks Co., Pa., April 27th, 1865.

Mr. Editor:—Will Cosmo please make figures show how a "worm fence," enclosing four ten-acre fields will "throw to waste" nearly seven acres of land without raising his farm on the edge and fencing both sides? He will also please state how to *bisect* a forty-acre farm into four ten-acre fields.

To fence a forty acre farm into four ten acre fields, would require six fences 440 yards in length, each, making a total length of 2,640 yards. Now, a piece of ground 2,640 yards long, and eight feet wide, (taking his own estimate) gives us 7,040 square yards; or, 1 acre, 1 rod, 32 perches nearly. Something less than seven acres surely.

He will also please state in what locality he can raise produce to the amount of $539 from seven acres of ground that cost $17 per acre to clear, *bar ile.*

Friend Cosmo, one word of advice; should you ever go to farming, don't go to the nurseryman's and ask for smear-kase plants! he'll laugh.

ORNSOC.

Reply by Cosmo.

Mr. Editor:—I have not the least objection to replying to your Bucks County correspondent, who gets himself up so critically *funny* (?) on figures and a "worm" fence, though I cannot for the life of me see how his wit, or my own dullness is going to conduce anything to science, or the amusement of a single individual among your readers.

Your correspondent, who signs himself *Ornsoc*, I think, though I am not linguist enough to distinguish between Greek and Choctaw, inquires just as innocently as about half the rural boy surveyors anywhere else would do, how a forty acre field can be *bisected* into four fields of ten acres each?

Why, Mr. *Ornsoc*, just turn to "Webster." You will find there the word *bisect* defined thus, *to divide into two equal parts.* Very well. Now if we run a fence through the centre of a forty acre field, we have bisected it into two twenty acre fields—eh? Well, then suppose we cross the original field through the centre with a fence at right angles with the first one. Then we shall have bisected the two twenty acre fields, shall we not? What else would you make of it, Mr. *Ornsoc*? Do you think there is any other school boy in your county that would have required a twelve line paragraph to make them comprehend what the single word *bisect* clearly implies? Is that field sufficiently *bisected*, Mr. *Ornsoc*?

In relation to the amount of land thrown to waste by fence, my impression is that it was written more with a view to benefit western farmers than to excite the criticisms or witticisms of a Bucks County—— very young surveyor perhaps. I have no recollections of having made a figure in the premises, but would advise Ornsoc to cipher around and across all those fields again, taking with him the information, that like almost everything else, a "worm" fence has *two sides* to it.

In reply to Ornsoc's third query, as to where produce to the amount of $539 can be grown on seven acres of land, I would first remind him that there are several other regions besides Bucks County, where tolerable good crops are produced. And then beg leave to reciprocate his advice to myself by saying, *Friend Ornsoc*, if ever you take a fancy to go about the country inquiring "where $539 worth of produce can be grown on seven acres of land?" take care you don't ask the question of Buckeye, Wolverine, Hoosier, or Sucker farmers. They'd say, "Look here, stranger, you're green. I reckon you're from Bucks County."

In conclusion I would say to Mr. Ornsoc, that although some twenty years of agricultural experience may not have fully posted Cosmo in the properties and characteristics of the "*smear-kase plant*," it has taught him *horse* enough to enable him to distinguish at a glance between a "Morgan Blackhawk" and a lineal descendant of the animal that Balaam rode.

Strawberries.

There is a question with some as to whether it is better to keep strawberries in hills, or let them run in promiscuously and fill up the bed. Some contend that this latter mode of management is the best, as the plants act as a sort of mulching, and make it unnecessary so use tan and other substances for this purpose. Some contend also, that the fruit is kept cleaner by this method, and though it may not be so large, it will be more abundant and thus pay better. They say too, that this slovenly treatment saves time and trouble.

We are inclined to think it pays to take more pains and get the largest and finest fruit, and this is affected more surely by the hill system. You can manage the plants better, and keep in the stray runners which are apt to use up the forces of the plant, and prevent the formation of fruit stems. By clipping off the runners, the fruit stems push out near the collar of the plant, and the power is spent in producing berries of good size, instead of producing so many useless runners.

If the two systems were carefully tried side by side, and the result noted, we are sure the hills would have the preference.—*Mass. Ploughman.*

Raising Calves.

A correspondent of the Germantown Telegraph, thus describes his method of raising calves: A calf that I am going to raise I never let suck the cow. It is much easier to teach it to drink without than after sucking. I have had calves drink alone before they were twelve hours old; and after the second day have but little trouble with them, as they drink freely if in good health. Besides the great advantage of this, is, that when they are turned with the cows they never trouble them, neither have I to muzzle them to prevent their sucking, as they know nothing about it. For the first two weeks I give them milk drawn from the mother; after that the cud comes, then I scald a little bran or ground oats and corn cake-meal, etc. This mixture I have about milk warm, feeding them three times a day, making fresh each time, as they do not relish stale food. They will soon eat a little hay, clover is best. If there is grass, I tie them out for a short time, and in six weeks may be left to run, and then they gradually shacked off. I consider March the best time to start calves, as in April they can get a little grass, and by the following winter they have a good beginning.

THE RIDDLER.

Miscellaneous Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 16 letters.
My 13, 6, 15, 5, 16, is both a bane and blessing.
My 2, 14, 5, 4, 12, 10, is the name of a bird.
My 3, 9, 4, 5, is good for man.
My 1, 12, 9, 11, 4, is allied to a bird.
My 7, 8, 2, 5, is a much abused goddess.
My 14, 15, 5, is always singular.

My whole is a state containing a greater variety of people than any other in the Union.

Waverly, Ohio. LYDIA L. J.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first to Eden's blessed hours
Added another blessing,
When God entrusted those fair bowers
To man for care and dressing;
And there, while truly serving Him
Whose love is richest treasure,
Our happy parents found its name
Sweet synonym with pleasure.
But since they left the joys God gave,
For joys of their own choosing,
And angels barred those sacred gates,
All entrance there refusing,
My first, alas! as bitter curse
On all their race reposes,
And now men prune ungraceful thorns
Instead of Eden's roses.

In stately castle's formal grounds
My second oft surprises,
Cut into form of bird or tower,
Or other mimic guises:
But we prefer that Nature should,
Her simple laws fulfilling,
In sturdy tree or border's edge,
Prove her own gracious willing.
But once it chanced when graceful knight
At sovereign's feet was bending,
My second, with unqueenly force,
Upon his head descending,
Drove from the royal presence one
Whose saddest end convinces
How wise are those inspired words,
"Put not your trust in Princes."

My whole, by lady's side is found,
And all the earth seems trying
To centre there most precious things,
Its varied wants supplying.
For snowy tribute from the South,
Clasps Northern forest's sending,
And gold or silver fitly formed,
Its grateful aid is lending;
The steady bee, with careful toil,
Its offering has moulded,
And patient silkworm's dying robe
For it was smoothly folded.
Huge elephants, from torrid plains,
Have sent their contribution,
And gift from deepest earth lies near
To gift from deepest ocean.

Then wonder not, to feeble rhymes
My whole gave inspiration,
For in this troubled hour it finds
A sacred ministration;
And suffering soldier, from his couch,
Will bless the skillful using
Of what to us has simply proved
A quiet hour's amusing. L. B.

Tivoli, N. Y.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In a prolate spheroid the transverse axis is 90 feet, and the revolving axis 10 feet. Suppose *this* spheroid is standing with its transverse axis perpendicular to the horizon, on a level plane; that a piece of exceeding fine tape, one inch in width, is *wound* around it, and that the tape entirely covers the spheroid. Now, it is required to find how far a dove must fly that takes hold of this ribbon at the top, and unwinds it, keeping it straight all the time, and in a horizontal direction.

JAS. M. GREENWOOD.

Paulville, Adair Co., Mo.

☞ An answer and rule are requested.

Conundrums.

☞ When is butter like Irish children? Ans.—When it is made into little pats.

☞ Why is a man who stakes his money in a gambling-house like a star? Ans.—Because he's an *ass to risk.*

☞ What musical instrument has had an honorary degree conferred upon it? Ans.—Fiddle, D. D.

☞ Which is the easier to spell—fiddle-de-dee or fiddle-de dum? Ans.—The former, because it is spelt with more e's.

☞ What is the difference between a mischievous mouse and a beautiful young lady? Ans.—One harms the cheese, and the other charms the he's.

Answers to Last.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—Grierson's Raid through Mississippi. ENIGMA—The letter T.

Answer to D. Diefenbach's PROBLEM, March 4th:—The standing piece 32.81024 feet. The length of original tree, 76.81024 feet.—Jas. M. Greenwood, Wm. Noble, Lancaster, Ohio, and Morgan Stevens.

Answer to S. G. Cagroin's, same date:—310.35453.

Answer to Percival Jewett's, same date:—80 blocks of each kind.—D. Diefenbach, Wm. Noble, Jas. M. Greenwood, Morgan Stevens, and T. T. Benwell.

Answer to D. Diefenbach's, Feb. 18th:—39 feet, length of longer walls; 30 feet, length of walls back; and 16 feet, height of walls.

A. Martin's, same date:—31598, and 53586.

S. L. Tetter's, March 11th:—Solidity of larger side, 1620.875; smaller side, 343—11½ side of L. 7 side of S.—M. Stevens, J. M. Greenwood.

Morgan Stevens's answer to his, same date:—The rectangle has a greater area than the circle by 8.11 sq. perches. Area of rectangle, 600 sq. perches; circle, 591.89 sq. perches.

Answer to D. Diefenbach's, same date:—The first line between the corners A and B, 252 perches; the second line, between the corners B and C, 150 perches; the third line, between the corners C and D, 300 perches; and the fourth line, between the corners D and A, 130 perches. —D. D.